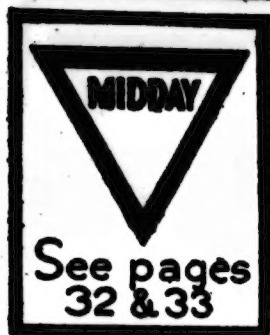


# JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVII. No. 900.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1925.

TWO PENCE.

DRINK  
AND  
ENJOYLIPTON'S  
TEA

1000 Prizes for  
CROSS-WORDS  
— see page 34

*The Woman  
with the  
Cigarette*  
by

**"A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"**



**IMPORTANT NOTICE TO RETAILERS.**  
Scores of thousands of safety-razor users need the MONKEY STROP. There is a big market for it in your district. DON'T LOSE SALES. Send now to your usual wholesaler or direct to the MANUFACTURER. GENEROUS TRADE TERMS.

## Saves four times its cost in six months' shaving

If you have the moderately stiff beard of the average man and use a safety razor, then you probably need two blades a week. Then for six months, say, from January to June of this year, they will cost you twenty-one and eightpence. With the MONKEY STROP one blade lasts you six months so that over this period it saves approximately four times its cost. Added to this you gain the inestimable comfort of a clean, swift shave of beautiful precision. The secret is that both sides of the blade are stropped simultaneously at the correct angle. Result: A keen, biting edge and a crisp, refreshing shave every day.



Sharpens any make of blade in 15 seconds (except Durham Duplex).  
(1) Just drop in your blade. (2) A few turns of the handle—that's all.

**IMPROVED MODEL**, complete with best quality nickel-plated case

**5/6**

Obtainable from Cash Chemists, including all branches of Boots', Taylor's, Hodder's, Parkes', Timothy White Co., Ltd., Cutlers, Ironmongers, Hairdressers and Stores. If any difficulty, remit 5/6 direct to Manufacturers.

# MONKEY STROP

Ensures two hundred perfect shaves with the same blade.  
MANUFACTURERS: DOUGLAS KIRBY & CO., LTD., Dept. J.B., ST. JOHN'S LANE, GLOUCESTER.

# RHEUMATISM CURED QUICKLY AND EFFECTIVELY

Upper Tooting Rd., S.W. 17.  
Sept. 20th, 1924.

"Sir,—I must let you know the good URACE has done me. I suffered from Rheumatism in the knees and as I work in a Foundry amongst wet sand I have had a bad time. I have only taken one 3/- box and am pleased to tell you I have had, after two years' suffering, a good sleep every night. I feel years younger and my shopmates ask me why I get about so much now, as I was always afraid to move quickly on account of the pain. I am deeply grateful for the cure. I have tried dozens of so-called cures.

"Respectfully yours,



"W. GARROTT."  
The cause of Rheumatism lies in the blood, and you cannot coax it out through the skin with plasters or belts. You cannot tease it out with oils or embrocations, or burn it out with impregnated wadding, or wash it out with impregnated water. YOU MUST DISSOLVE AND DRIVE THE URIC ACID—which causes rheumatism—OUT OF THE BLOOD.

**URACE CURES AND CURES QUICKLY.**  
URACE does dissolve and drive Uric Acid from the system. It purifies the blood of all impurities and makes a cure certain. NO other remedy can do this. That is why URACE has succeeded when scores of so-called cure-alls, spas, appliances, belts and treatments have failed. That is why URACE is freely prescribed and supported by the medical profession.

**1/3, 3/- & 5/- per Box.**

From Boots (600 Branches), Timothy White Co., Taylor's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Harrod's and all Chemists and Stores, or direct for remittance from the URACE Laboratories, Dept. 75, 82, St. Thomas's Street, London, S.E. 1.

## URACE TABLETS

**CURE RHEUMATISM,  
NEURALGIA, CRAMP, NERVE PAINS, LUMBAGO,  
INFLUENZA, KIDNEY TROUBLE, GOUT,  
SACKACHE, SCIATICA, &c., &c.**



### BARGAIN BEDDING BALE

**10/-  
now**

World's Finest Value. 1pr All-Wool Blankets; 1pr White Fleece Blankets; 1pr Unbleached Twill Sheets; 2 White Pillow Cases; 1 White Eider Case; 1 Alhambra Quilt; 11 Lovely Wadded Quilt. All double bed size. 84 x 10 x 6. Terms to approved orders—20% down, balance 30% cash. Catalogue Post Free. J. G. GRAVES & L. SHEPHERD

### BABY CARS from 52/6



Direct from Factory. On Approval. CARRIAGE PAID. Retail Profit Saved. Cash or Easy Terms. Send now for Free Art Catalogue. **GODIVA CARRIAGE CO.** (Incl. 50, COVENTRY.



OUR HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."  
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.2.  
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....  
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Date.....

Use 1d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of 1d. stamped addressed envelope.

# More John Bull Cheques for Flood Victims

## A READER'S AMAZING EXPERIENCE.

"I RECEIVED 'John Bull's' cheque the very day we were once more flooded out," says our reader, whose letter we reproduce below. Exactly. Over and over again we have shown in these columns that "John Bull" cheques have a habit of arriving at a most opportune moment—in the nick of time—during Floods or Storm, Sickness, Accident or Fire. Some day YOU may be waiting for a "John Bull" cheque. By signing the forms below now you will not wait in vain.

## A Few of the BENEFITS PAID this week:

**SIDMOUTH.**—Mr. E. TOWNSEND, 2, Marlborough Cottages.  
**CARLISLE.**—Mrs. M. J. SMITH, 6, Henderson's Square.  
**PENRITH, CUMBERLAND.**—Mr. J. CHAPMAN, 21, Southend Road.  
**CARLISLE.**—Mr. G. SMITH, 11, Shakespeare Street.  
**CARLISLE.**—Mrs. K. CLAFFERTON, 11, Artisans Dwellings, Caldewgate.  
**CARLISLE.**—Mrs. J. SMITH, Creighton Lodge, Byron Street.  
**PENRITH.**—H. Mr. BRADLEY, Miners Arms, Southend Road.  
**WOCESTER.**—Mr. W. T. H. STUBBS, 1 House, 3 Court, Milton Road.  
**TIDWORTH, WILTS.**—Mr. W. W. FIELD, 408, N. Tidworth.  
**KINGSTON UPON AVON.**—Mr. H. ELLIOTT, 7, Brandy Well.  
**GLASGOW.**—Mr. J. NICHOLSON, 66, Bedford Street, Springburn.  
**SANDHURST, GLOS.**—Mr. G. EDWARDS, Upper Pairing.  
**GUILDFORD.**—Mr. J. E. LEON, 23, Mill Mead.  
**FERRYHILL.**—Mr. A. IRONSIDE, Ship Inn, Redmanhall.  
**SUTTON OAK, NR. ST. HELENS.**—Mrs. C. DAVIS, 97, Houghton Road.  
**HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING, CO. DURHAM.**—Mr. H. W. SKEZZER, 22, Chester Street, Grasswell.  
**MAIDSTONE.**—Mr. W. O. WEST, 2, Swaythorpe Cottage, Hart Street.  
**BATH.**—Mrs. F. SWIFT, 5, St. James' Place, N. Parade.  
**LONDONDERY.**—Mr. J. McCLEAN, 21, William Street.  
**JARROW-ON-TYNE.**—Mr. WM. BLACK, 21, Croft Terrace.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—Mr. W. BLEES, 109, Havelock Road, Saltley.  
**STONEHOUSE, LANARKSHIRE.**—Mr. J. HADDOCK, 51, Laurie Street.  
**CARLISLE.**—Mrs. J. BARNES, Brewery Cottage, Bridge Lane, Caldewgate.  
**CARLISLE.**—Mr. J. YOUNG, 17, Rigg Street.  
**BELFAST.**—Mr. A. P. MURPHY, 87, Balfour Avenue.  
**CARLISLE.**—Mr. W. J. GRAHAM, 12, Scott Street, Caldewgate.

## TWICE FLOODED OUT!

Thanks for cheque in settlement of my Flood Claim. I received same the very day we were once more under flood! When the postman came we were held prisoners in an upper room and the letter was left with a shopkeeper opposite who handed through the water and tied your letter to a piece of string I had suspended from the window. The thought struck me it might be from "John Bull" and sure enough it was. "Good old JOHN BULL," he has turned out a good 'un. . . .

JAMES E. WAGON,  
7, Hart Street, Maidstone.  
March 1st, 1925.

**WINDSOR, CO. DORSET.**—Cottage 69, Church Street.  
**SHEFFIELD.**—Mr. H. SAVOURY, 21 Court, 1 House, Hammond Street.  
**FLEETWOOD, LANC.**—Mrs. W. R. LONSDON, 52, Addison Road.  
**CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS.**—Mrs. E. STONE, 11, Rotten Row.  
**KILBO.**—Mr. A. THOMSON, 1111 Home.  
**NEWSAGENTS' BONUS.**—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

OUR HERE

HARD THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

Please deliver or deliver JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

## Presentation Coupon.

"John Bull" Pen Sept. Long Acre, London, W.2.  
Please send me the "John Bull" Pen and Free 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil. Enclose free the following name or initials on the Pen.

Write in CAPITALS name or initials you wish engraved.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

1 silver cheque/P.O. for 5/6 (including postage and 1d. "Cross" & Co. and make payable to "John Bull" Pen, 12, Long Acre, London, W.2, 14/3/25

# "John Bull's" Wonderful Gift Offer Limited number only now available

Pen is fitted with 14-ct. 50/10 gold nib. Irresistible WRITTEN TWO YEARS GUARANTEE WITH EACH PEN.

The FREE "EVERPOINTED" PENCIL is nickel plated, beautifully chased, and complete with No. 10.



**FREE 2/6  
EVERPOINTED PENCIL  
AND**

**FREE YOUR  
NAME  
ENGRAVED IN GOLD**

# Start a Business of Your own in spare Time

*Let us Show You the Way to increase income*



*Read what those who took this advice in the past say now*

A special representative of "John Bull" has inspected the originals of these further testimonials reproduced in this advertisement and certifies they are genuine:

Albany Street, London, N.W.  
22.8.24.

Newbury, Berks.  
14th Dec., 1924.

Basingstoke, Hants.  
27.10.24.

Dear Sirs,

As you will see by the enclosed pamphlet, I have got well away with a small side-line, which up to the present is proving very profitable. I must say I myself am surprised at the short time it took since I received your first lesson, and therefore I have no doubt you can understand my gratitude towards you and your system of Mail Order Trading.

Dear Sir,

St. Omer, France.

I am finding your course most interesting and instructive. It is business-like and to the point, and at the same time contains a mine of valuable information not only to those in business but also intending to launch forth at a future date. I am more than satisfied.

Dear Sir,

I think it is only right that I should tell you how glad I am that I started your M.O. Course. I have now been trading 12 weeks with a very fair amount of success, as the approximate nett profits amount to nearly 200% on the actual outlay for commencement. You can use this testimonial for any purpose which you may think necessary as I am quite convinced that if any fellow is thinking of starting business for himself, it is your course alone which can help him along the road to success.

Dear Sir,

I thank you for your letter of the 24th inst. I must say that I am extremely pleased at my decision of taking up your Course of Mail Order. Although I only started actively this morning, I have got twenty-one prospective clients already and I am confident of getting a good many more in the next few days.

Southampton Row, London.

Dear Sirs,

As you are aware, I was not a novice in business matters when I enrolled with you, but I have been pleasantly surprised to discover the immense wealth of information and new ideas which you embody in the course.

## You too Can make Extra Money—Send Now for FREE Booklet

HOW often have you wished to have a business of your own? A business, even a small one, to fall back upon if the worst comes to the worst, is the best insurance policy you can possess. **Here is your Chance.** Fill in the Coupon below and post it at once, when by return you will receive a Free Booklet telling you how to start a Business of your own.

For instance, Mail Order has immense possibilities and the expenses are so small that this method of doing business is far more profitable than any other. One of its chief attractions is that you can commence at home in your spare time, or from a small office without giving up any present employment. To start requires very little outlay. Stocks can be purchased as the orders come along, and overhead charges are practically nil. Compare such a small expense with that of a Shop or Works, which calls for considerable capital for Stock, Staff, Machinery, Rent, etc.

**Send No Money—Post Coupon**

Here is an unrivalled opportunity to get on the road that leads to success and independence. The field is practically unlimited, and the Shaw Institute contends that no matter where you live or what your position, providing you are ambitious, a scheme can be outlined to meet your special requirements.

**Apply to-day—you will never regret it. By waiting you place yourself under no obligation**



In Business the great thing is to know how to proceed. The Booklet "BY POST TO PROSPERITY" tells in plain words how business by mail can be started on small capital in spare time at home; how to sell economically and effectively; how £5 can be made the basis of independence; and other valuable information.

The Shaw Institute invites you to investigate now, without obligation. Experience is not necessary, and it makes no difference in what locality you live. Your stock-in-trade need not consist of more than a small supply of goods, and a few printed letters. With but a pound or two capital, and devoting only a little of your leisure hours to the work, you can build a big and lucrative business which may enable you to give up ill-paid and uncongenial employment. Devote spare time to your own thriving concern, in the same way as hundreds of Shaw Students are doing to-day.

**Send Coupon at once, and investigate for yourself.**

**---COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET---**

To the Secretary,

The Shaw Institute (Dept. J.B. 82), 1, Montague Street, London, W.C. 1.

Please send me FREE and Post Free, your brochure "By Post to Prosperity" and other literature showing how I can start a spare or wholtime business at home, and how £5 can be made the basis of independence.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....  
J.B. 14.3.25.

## The Greatest Wireless Bargain Offered

**GUARANTEED**  
**3 Valve Set £7 15s.**  
(No Extras.)  
With all Accessories.  
Mounted on Ebonite, in sloping Mahogany cabinet, 14in. by 12in. by 6in. British made. Will receive all B.C. Stations and work Loud Speaker. Complete with following accessories: Aerial, Lead-in Wire, Pair of 4,000 ohm Headphones, Accumulator, H.T. Battery, Vacuum Tubes, etc.  
**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.**  
Seen and demonstrated any time. Hundreds of satisfied customers.  
Frederick Jarrington  
Dept. 12,  
McDermott Road,  
PECKHAM S.E.

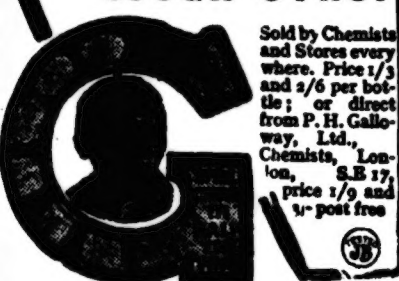
## WHOOPIING COUGH CURED

### ANOTHER REMARKABLE TESTIMONY.

Mrs. Foster, of 25, William Road, Sutton, Surrey, writes:—  
I wish to say how pleased I am with "GALLOWAY'S" COUGH SYRUP. My little boy had whooping cough, which left him with a very bad cough, and although we tried with practically every known remedy, he could not shake it off. We were advised to try "GALLOWAY'S" COUGH SYRUP, and much to our relief this quickly cured him.  
It is pleasant to take, and I am sure that all children like it and will take "GALLOWAY'S" without any difficulty.

Every dose of "Galloway's" Cough Syrup is a sure step to speedy recovery, but see that it is "Galloway's".

## GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP



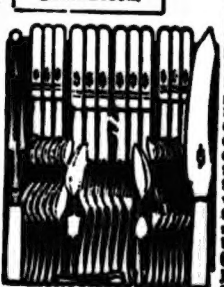
Sold by Chemists and Stores every where. Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle; or direct from P. H. Galloway, Ltd., Chemists, London, S.E. 17, price 1/9 and 1/- post free.

## BLADDER WEAKNESS & KIDNEY TROUBLE.

These distressing complaints in children or adults are quickly cured by **PARKER'S REMEDY**.  
A Specific discovered by an eminent Physician. Wonderful Results. Cures when other remedies have failed. A boon to Mothers. A blessing to thousands. 3/- per bottle at any Boots branch or post free from Parker's Remedy Co., 18, James St., Liverpool. Write for Particulars.

## GRAVES 'FIFTY'

Made through-out in our own Manufactory & quality fully guaranteed.



**50 PICTURES, 50 CHALLENGES.**  
1 yr Double Shear Steel Carvers, Ivoryette handles, 6 Stainless Steel Table Knives and 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives, Ivory grained handles, 3 Table Spoons, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Edged Spoons, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1 Icing Spoon, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Ball Spoon, all warranted to wear white throughout. Terms 5/- now, 5/- monthly. Money back if at all dissatisfied. Catalogue Post Free. J. G. Graves Ltd., Sheffield.

## GRAVES STYLISH COATS & WRAPS



Ladies should write to once for Graves' Magnificent Display of fashionable Coats. All Garments guaranteed of best make throughout. Each Garment distinctive in style and quality. Cash delivered to approved orders on receipt of first payment. Balance monthly, if wished. Money back if you are in any way dissatisfied. Write for Particulars. Complete ranges of Styles and Patterns of Coats, Blouses, Costumes, etc. Post Free. State which you require. J. G. Graves Ltd., Sheffield.

## TO WEARY, WORK-OUT NERVE.

To prove the value of "STIMULOIDS" (the perfect nerve food), which are guaranteed to restore health, strength, and lost vitality to every nerve sufferer, we will send by return a TRIAL SUPPLY ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE. Do not delay. Write to-day for this safe, certain and speedy treatment. B. J. FROST REMEDIES, 114, Patridge Road, Southfields, LONDON, S.W.14.

## HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

I was bald. My hair grew anew as shown in the portrait. Many persons both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by a compound used by American Indians. This contains genuine bear oil, juice of the rare pilocarpus plant, and other potent ingredients. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years. A testing box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending three pence in stamps to—  
**JOHN HART BRITAIN, LTD.**  
2, Percy Street (53 G.B.), London, W.1.

**26 Weekly**  
Buy a No. 26A Mead Gramophone with gram horn, loud sound-box, massive oak case and 25 times 10 Days' Trial. 25/- cash to receive buyers. Table Grams and Cabinet models at WHOLESALE Prices. Write for Lists.  
**Mead** Company (Dept. 26A) BIRMINGHAM.

## THE UNIVERSAL STORES 20<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL SALE

**Bigger Bargains Than Ever To Commemorate This Special Event.**  
**EXTRAORDINARY CLEARANCE OF STOCK OUT OF ALL DEPARTMENTS.**  
**The Outstanding Bargain of a Score of Years.**  
**Only £2 £2 Only**



## Monster Bales of BEDDING, DRAPERY, CUTLERY, ETC. Forty-five Articles in all for only £2

The Universal Stores—Bargain advertisers for 20 years—are making an extra special offer of Accumulated Stocks out of All Departments in Monster Bales containing all the following goods.  
**PAIR OF BLANKETS DOZEN KNIVES AND FORKS**  
**PAIR OF SHEETS MANTLE CLOAK**  
**FLORAL QUILT REAL SILVER WARE**  
**PAIR OF PILLOW CASES FANCY GOODS**  
**HALF-DOZEN TOWELS**  
**FORTY-FIVE ARTICLES IN ALL FOR £2. CARRIAGE PAID.**  
**BE WISE—BUY NOW. A MARVELLOUS £2 WORTH**  
Don't Delay and Risk Disappointment. Send your order at once and Receive by return The World's Biggest Bargain.



If unable to send Full Cash at once secure the Goods now by sending a Small Deposit. The Balance can be paid at your own convenience, when goods will be sent.  
**THE UNIVERSAL STORES, LTD.**  
Devonshire Street, Ardwick (Brick 12 9), Manchester.  
ESTABLISHED OVER 20 YEARS.

Send for New Money-Saving Catalogue, which contains hundreds of Household Bargains, a Magnificent Assortment of Goods from 5/- to 50/- (E.W.)

## A BARGAIN FOR LADIES

A 14/11 AMBRON CORSET for 8/11



Approval offer, for I send this magnificent model to your address for critical trial for but 1/- deposit. Try it on, examine its design, cut, and material, and then, if abundantly pleased, remit the balance of price in one sum or by 1/- weekly instalments, whichever is preferred.

**MISS CLARICE MAYNE**, the popular favourite, writes:—"The Ambron Corset is wonderfully well designed in every detail and delightful to wear."  
**MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN**, writes:—"The Ambron Corset is a distinctly well-created Corset, and enhances the figure lines most artistically."

This New Ambron Model is cut with bust 2 inches above waist line, as present vogue. It is stayed with Duplex Resilient Supporters, cloth lined and reinforced at ends, fitted with wedge-shaped bust and four Adjustable Supporters, detachable. Corset is only worn without removal of bust, trimming, or supports.

## 6/- REDUCTION COUPON

By which you get a 14/11 Ambron Corset for 8/11. Simply write full name and address on a piece of paper to which pin this coupon.  
Please send me a 14/11 New 1924 Ambron Model "A" Corset at the reduced price of 8/11 on approval. My measurements are:—  
Size of Waist..... Bust..... Hips.....  
I enclose 1/- deposit with 6d. postage, and if I do not immediately return Corset, I will either complete purchase in one sum of 7/11, or by weekly instalments of 1/- each. Please cross Postal Orders thus: 1/-  
Sizes range from 19 ins. to 36 ins. Over 30 ins. 1/6 extra.  
X "John Bull," 14/3/25. No. 409

Post your Order at once to **AMBROSE WILSON LTD.** 409, Abchurch Lane, 70, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London S.W. 1.  
The Largest Mail Order Corset House in the World.

## The Liver Is the Road to Health

If the liver is right the whole system is right. Carter's Little Liver Pills will gently awaken your sluggish, clogged-up liver and relieve constipation, stomach trouble, inactive bowels, loss of appetite, sick headache and dizziness. Purely vegetable. You need them.  
**Small Pill—Small Power—Small Dose**



## EYESIGHT TESTING.

**BRING your National Health Card to Mr. Lawrence, F.S.M.C., F.B.O.A., F.I.O. Qualified Optician,—38, Totham Court Road, W.1. and 210, Edgware Road, W.2, London.**

### MEDICAL. CURATIVE.

**MASSAGE Experts wanted, everywhere.**—Enter this profession and earn 7/6 to 21/- per hour. Full particulars, specimen diploma free. —47, Smae Inst., Festing Grove, Portsmouth.

**SALES** Letter Writing pays. Easily and quickly acquired. Practical Course. Parties, free.—H. Burton, Dept. J. B., Steyning, Sussex.

## GARDENING.

**GARDEN NETTING.**—Protect your Seeds and Buds from Frost and Birds. Our Netting is guaranteed carriage paid and cash returned if unsatisfactory. 25 yds. x 1 yd. 2/6, 25 yds. x 2 yds 5/-, Any size price in proportion. As supplied by us to the Royal Gardens. Samples free. Cheaper Netting at 25 sq. yds. for 1/6. **H. J. GABSON AND SONS,** Rye, Sussex. Est. over 100 years.

FIGURE DRAWING.—English and French courses, including 100 valuable nude studies, 1/6 complete.—Studio (J.B.), 38, Portland Street, Leeds.

Let us tell you all about this wonderful, simple and rapid system.

Let us tell you all about this wonderful, simple and rapid system.

Let us tell you all about this wonderful, simple and rapid system.

Comptroller, London.

**IMMEDIATE DESPATCH** guaranteed of orders placed now for Seeds, Bulbs, Scotch Seed Potatoes, etc. **6d. per cwt. free.** Shallots, **12 lb. 8/-**, cwt. **pd**—**Ellison's, 4, West Bromwich.**

**DRESS.**  
HARRIS' TWEEDS, Homespuns, Worsted, Serges, Special Spring Reductions. Patterns free.—Dept. B., Highland Tweed Co., 7, East-

**MEN'S Derby Tweed Trousers, also Grey Flannels, all sizes, splendid wearing quality. 8/11, p.f.—Hawkes, Shilton-u-Wychwood, Oxon.**

**WIRELESS.**  
WIRELESS SETS by easy payments, loud speakers, 'phones, components. Listen in while paying. Free lists from the makers.—Townshends, Ltd., Ernest Street, Birmingham.

**MUSICAL.**

**GRAMOPHONES 25/6, motors 9/-; accordeons, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page**

list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbul,  
120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

ACCOBIVIONS, Jazz instruments, 'iolins.  
Banks, Mandolins. Catalogue free.—Douglas,  
99, King's Cross, South St., London, E.C.2

**LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.**

**SPECIAL OFFER.** — Talking Parrots with  
cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 16/-. 3

ms. trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 27, Tottenham Court Road, London.

**MEN'S Derby Tweed Trousers, also Grey Flannels, all sizes, splendid wearing quality. 8/11, p.f.—Hawkes, Shilton-u-Wychwood, Oxon.**

**MUSICAL.**

**GRAMOPHONES 25/6, motors 9/-; accordeons, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page**

**LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.**

**SPECIAL OFFER.** — Talking Parrots with  
cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 16/-. 3

ms. trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 27, Tottenham Court Road, London.

**Ask for terms when writing.**

**Ask for terms when writing.**

**Ask for terms when writing.**

# FOR HER! FOR YOU!

## FOR HER!

A String of Pearls in a silk lined case for 200 Coupons from packets of Black Cat Cigarettes.

## FOR YOU!

Pure Virginia Cigarettes, well filled, unequalled quality for 20 years.

**Black Cat**  
 VIRGINIA CIGARETTES  
*10 for 6<sup>p</sup>*



A String of Rich Lustrous Pearls, 18" long with clasp, in a silk lined case.  
 Yours for 200 Coupons from packets of Black Cat Cigarettes.



Start smoking Black Cat Cigarettes TO-DAY and give yourself a double pleasure.



**THIS IS WORTH 5 FREE COUPONS  
 FILL IT IN AND POST TO-DAY**

**COUPON**

**To: THE BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO.**

(Dept 8), Gifts Dept. 81, City Rd. London, E.C.2

Please send me Free Gift Booklet and Five Free Coupons.

Name.....

Address.....

Austen's Police  
 It is a fact  
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# JOHN BULL

For the People—the  
Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which  
the Sun never Sets.

Vol XXXVII. No 980.  
Wed. and Sat. Morn.  
Mar 14, 1923. Trop. noc.

## This Week—

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**The WORLD,**  
**the FLESH &**  
**the DEVIL**

### Austen's Policy.

It is a fact that within the Cabinet, Mr. Austen Chamberlain is "all out" for a security pact with France. A long paper expounding this policy has been before Ministers for ten days.

### Security for Security.

But if we give France security, France must give us security—for debt. No pay no pact.

### Air Pockets.

The Air Estimates in effect are up £2,000,000, but the Air Minister declares that no expenditure will safeguard this country against the horrors of air raids. We invite the Government to try a policy that will.

### Another War.

The way to prevent war is not to forget war, as Mr. Samuel Hoare advises, but to remember its horrors. We are glad Mr. Thurtle forced that point upon the House in a recent debate.

### Something Up.

Never before has a Viceroy left India during his term of office. That Lord Reading should be summoned home by the Government for "personal discussion" is a portent.

### Summer Hint.

The House of Commons has a chance this week for "Summer Time" for good and all. Members of Parliament who fail to support the principle will have to answer to their constituents if they find themselves deprived of their long summer evenings.

### Pay the Farm Hands Ratted.

Farm workers refused to be represented at the agricultural conference since it would only have the power to decide whether they should be as badly or worse off than now. They were right in thinking it wasn't worth the fares of their delegates.

### Wanted: Enthusiasm.

In 1918 we were getting on towards the ideal of a self-supporting island, so far as staple food-stuffs were concerned. Why have we gone back?

### Germany's New Ruler.

The French Press is working itself up into a fearful state about the possible return of the ex-Crown Prince. We do not quake.

### One-time Enemies.

The secret is out at last that Japan and Russia have signed an agreement. This is another step in the great "Isolation of Britain" movement. The next agreement will be between Germany and Russia. What has the Government to say?

### "Civilisation."

Nations going into war to-day have in their hands more than a thousand varieties of poison gas as against thirty used in the last. If the people ever allow one to be used, they will deserve their doom.

### Words, not Bonds.

Five leading Powers have plans for 165 new warships and submarines. The maddest race for sea supremacy known has begun. The naval limitation treaty signed at Washington is already forgotten. And we pay.

### The Price We Pay.

Following America's lead the Bank rate has been raised in this country. This means dearer money which will cause an unjustifiable check on reviving industry.

### A Rent Ramp.

The rent profiteers are trying to persuade the Government that another of their election pledges did not mean what the voters thought. "Control" rents till 1927, as promised, but control them upwards!

### No Road.

The 40 per cent. above 1914 rents, however, was fixed by Mr. Neville Chamberlain's own Act. "Fewer houses and higher rents" is a bad slogan for a by-election.

### For £oo.

Natty little houses are being built in Cornwall from waste grit. When the Government get a bit more grit there may be hope for other counties.

### The Transport Squeeze.

British steel is sold on the Continent at 30s. cheaper per ton than at home where it is produced. The building of Weir houses may supply the reason.

### Asking for Trouble.

No one under twenty-six in the Royal Air Force is given a marriage allowance. As a consequence real distress prevails in the families of those below this age. It is asking for trouble.

### Sticky Money.

In Committee on the Beet Sugar Subsidy Bill a proposal was ventured that the taxpayers who provide the subsidy should share the profits. It was solemnly (and successfully) urged that this would make the business "less attractive to capital." In this matter both Government and Opposition are at fault.

### A Coming Change.

Changing the name of the Ministry of Labour to the Ministry of Industry will mean raising the Labour Ministry to the status of other Ministries. A sound move.

### The Empire Exhibition.

It was stated recently in the House, by Captain Garro-Jones, that there were many cases of poisoning at the B.E.E. last year, because of the bad food-supply. These, he said, were hushed up in the Press. Not guilty!

### Ex-Service Men.

It is being urged upon the Government that disabled ex-Service men should be allowed to visit the exhibition free. We are glad to hear that the matter is being favourably considered.

### Income-Tax.

To avoid paying income-tax a great number of people are getting into the habit of living for six months of every year outside England. Mr. Churchill is on their tracks.

### The Budget.

Sixpence off income-tax would mean £30,000,000 on the Budget. It would not be lost. Prosperity is not secured by crippling the plain man's spending power. Taxation of over £15 per head is too much.

### Cheap Tactics.

Certain M.P.s are to move that the Road Fund should be for maintenance purposes only. This underhand attempt to foil the construction of new roads must be resisted at all costs. Not only useful employment, but human life, is at stake.

### Meaningless Muddle.

May good luck attend the attempt to introduce regularity into public-house closing hours. Our liquor laws are the laugh of the age.

### Provide Work.

Thousands of applicants for the "dole" are being turned down on one pretext or another. Unless schemes of work are instantly set afoot, a serious crisis will develop.

### Organisation Needed.

There are 11,000 girls under eighteen drawing "doles," and treble that number of women willing to employ domestic help they cannot obtain. In the interests of taxpayers domestic service must be given a status amongst skilled trades.

### A Warning.

A German firm able to contract at a price £60,000 per ship lower than British competitors has secured an order from a British firm for six cargo boats. High freightage is blamed. But it is cold comfort for the unemployed in our own shipyards.

### Mining Profits.

Returns just issued show that the profits of the coal-mining industry for 1923 were £27,000,000. So the yarn that coal owners live on their losses won't wash.

## Problems of Life

## The Gospel of Work

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.



**T**HAT eminently successful man of business, Gordon Selfridge, has popularised the motto: "There's no fun like work."

He acts on it himself, for he is one of the busiest men on earth—though not too busy to drop everything and hurry across the ocean to his mother's

sick bed in record time.

He knows that there is nothing so boring as an idle life, nothing so tedious as loafing, nothing so wearisome as killing time.

Health of mind and body depends to no small extent on having a decent purpose in life and sticking to it.

Regular occupation of a useful kind is one of the greatest blessings any man can have: and one of the greatest evils from which our country suffers to-day is chronic unemployment or fitful and uncertain hours of labour.

**W**HEN we are temporarily worn out with the long-continued strain of our compulsory tasks we are apt to feel, like the old woman in the well-known story, that it would be heaven "to do nothing for ever and ever."

But the feeling is deceptive. It would be positive hell to be forced to do nothing for ever and

ever, much as we dislike having to overcome our native inertia and make an effort.

Man is a lazy animal. He has to be kicked and prodded into activity, and Nature takes care to do this. She also lures him by curiosity and the joy of conquest.

Wherever the means of life come easy, man soon sinks down into animalism. The savage is an idler: so is the decadent.

**H**EREIN lies a warning. Take away the necessity for working, and you not only strike at the root of self-respect, but destroy the very means whereby what is most human in us is kept alive.

Are we doing this in England? There is at least some danger of it.

There are thousands of able-bodied young men in receipt of public bounty to-day who have never worked.

They have never had the chance. They were too young to fight in the war, and now that they are old enough to play a man's part there is nothing for them to do.

We are deliberately training them to be shirkers, and to expect to receive something for nothing.

This can and should be altered, and it is a matter in which the nation cannot afford to delay.

\* \* Many of Dr. Campbell's previous articles have been published in book form under the title of "A Book of Homely Wisdom" (5s. John Lane).

## THE WORLD, THE FLESH &amp; THE DEVIL

## The Death-ray.

The public need not be unduly alarmed that Mr. Grindell-Matthews has sold his "death-ray" to the U.S.A. We have something worth two of that. In spite of ineptitude on the part of Government lay officials, our experts are expert.

## Anthrax.

Goods made from wool and goat's hair are imported into this country without being disinfected. Yet those same raw materials have to be disinfected when brought into England. Why?

## Foreign Custom.

China, as her internal affairs become settled, is prepared to place large clothing orders here. Low prices, if stable, induce demand. The boom will come when we invite it.

## Brighter Prospects If—

There is a world demand for woollen goods that this country can supply. If obstructionists can be brought to reason every loom may soon be humming at top speed. It's a big "if."

## The Breakfast Rasher.

The cost of a pedigree pig's transit by rail exceeds that of a first-class passenger. We recommend the Food Commission to take this unpalatable fact into consideration. It may help them to decide why bacon is dear.

## Robbing the Poor.

Millions of pounds of tea now in bond are said to be quite unfit for human consumption. Treated with disinfectants by unscrupulous hands, it reaches the tea-pots of those to whom tea is often the only luxury. The Ministry of Health knows of these things. We expect it to act.

## The Hunt for Gold.

In Northern Quebec, Canada has discovered new sources of gold which promise unlimited scope for enterprise. Transport by road is needed. It's a fine chance for the Mother Country to combine with the Dominions to utilise unemployed labour.

## The Portents.

Death-rate higher, infant mortality increasing and the lowest peace-time birth-rate on record! Three signs of preventable decadence that should stir the Government to get a move on.

## Dancing Ban.

Clerics are classing dancing with paganism—Prohibition will not empty dance-halls and fill churches. Better let us have sympathy and co-operation and make amusement healthy.

## Sound Sense.

In the new Workmen's Compensation Bill it is provided that widows should be compensated according to the necessities of their families, and not given a fixed sum. Sound sense at last!

## Woman in Cage.

Jersey justices have at last abolished the prisoner's cage in which, no longer ago than last summer, a woman after receiving sentence was placed to endure the scrutiny of visitors. Our movement towards complete civilisation is slow.

## Promptitude Asked For.

The practice of rearrests at prison gates continues. Why cannot the police at the onset make up their minds how many offences a man is to be charged with? To kick anyone when he's down is not British.

## They Don't Want Strikes.

Miners' delegates have shown a good deal more common-sense than their leaders. They suggest an examination of the situation in conjunction with owners, and that definite wages for day, piece, and surface workers should be included in the Minimum Wage Bill. Reasonable suggestions that must be acted upon.

## More "John Bull" Cheques for Flood Victims

See page 2.

## The Wrong Box.

Allen-made matches are being used in the House of Commons by members of the Government that says it believes in preference for Imperial industries. These differences between precept and practice must be remedied.

## Our British Girls.

Eleven-year-old Violet Poole, of Stockwell, is a girl guide of whom her company has cause to be proud. When fire raged at her home her only thought was—not escape—but how much life she could save. In this effort she freely risked both life and limb. It is from such girls that the nation's noblest heroines come.

## Stinking Fish.

Whiting, in a decomposing state, evidently ready to be prepared for food, was found recently in the fish-curing house of William Benjamin, Fretwell, at Grimsby. As Fretwell believed that the fish was wholesome the Grimsby magistrates would have acted wisely had they ordered him to eat the putrid stuff, instead of imposing a fine.

## Bilking the Ex-Soldier.

After a two years' struggle, an Aldershot ex-soldier has been awarded a pension in respect of war wounds. But the award is made retrospective only for nine months. Why should it not date back to the commencement of the poor fellow's troubles? Such niggardliness is a dishonouring of the nation's pledges.

## Noble Self-sacrifice.

At the opposite end of the scale from those who wax rich on adulterated and over-priced foods is the action of Mr. Bruce White, scientist, of Bristol. In order to discover the working of the botulism microbe, Mr. White has applied a culture to his own arm and drunk some of the germs. While such heroism persists there is hope for the world.

## Tilbury Kept On—

Mr. R. Tilbury is a postman retiring after thirty-eight years of service. In the course of duty he has walked three hundred thousand miles. He has never been late; he has no black marks. But he receives no pension because he was "not on the permanent staff." Is it the official definition of "permanence" that a man should keep on until he drops into his coffin?

## A Mill-girl's Martyrdom.

Mr. C. Hilton, M.P., is responsible for the statement that a sixteen-year-old mill-girl at Bolton was refused Poor Law relief because, after a terrible accident at her work, she received a small weekly allowance from the employer. Such glaring injustices will only be remedied when the State adopts a sensible plan of "All-In" Insurance against life's manifold ills.

## From Bad to Worse.

Not three hundred yards from Buckingham Palace twenty-seven families unable to find houses are herded in an old military prison. The cells are damp and fireless. Neither decency nor privacy is possible. Yet politicians, wrangling over "types" of building, appear waiting for another black plague to break out before they get on with the job.

## Getting on with the Job.

Instead of attacking bricklayers, Middlesbrough Corporation has employed them direct in putting up thirty houses. On straight work the men have laid an average of 1,000 bricks a day, and each house will cost only about £386. If more borough councils get on with the job like Middlesbrough we'll have more homes and fewer controversies.

## A Ban on Building.

To meet the urgent needs of many homeless people in the locality, Bristol Housing Committee recently placed a contract for five hundred houses with a local firm. When they went to Whitehall for authority to proceed with the scheme, however, they were told that they could not be allowed to borrow money for more than three hundred houses, and the contract had to be reduced accordingly. The reason for this ban on building is one of the things "no fella' can understand."

### Pity the Pit Pony.

Fred Chapman, a pit boy at Sherwood Colliery, Mansfield, Notts, thrust a wooden stake into a pony's side, causing the poor creature to fall to the ground screaming with pain and disabling it for a month. For this abominable cruelty he was only fined 40s. A severe flogging would have been a more fitting punishment.

### Widows' Pensions.

A poor woman left with five orphan children to support sends us a pathetic plea for widows' pensions. Meanwhile, we see that Canon Tolling, a pillar of the Established Church, is out of sympathy with the proposal. Surely a strange attitude for a Christian minister, whose duty "to comfort the widow and the fatherless in their affliction" is beyond dispute.

### Conscience Will Prick.

"The happiest woman in all the world I should have been had I had your love," Nancy Roberts, of Burton, Hampshire, wrote to Seaman Nelson Wingent, of H.M.S. *Vernon*. Nothing else mattered, and when she knew that he was carrying on with two girls she put an end to her life. Wingent's conscience may be an easy one, but we hope it isn't.

### Misery and Morals.

The West Hartlepool Bench recently bound over two boys charged with felonious loitering. It was clear that they meant to steal, because they were starving. "It is all through there not being sufficient food," the father told the magistrate. "I never lose a second when I can get work." Thus does unemployment maim men in the making.

### Worked to Death.

Margaret Cassidy, a Blackburn woman of sixty-two, worked in a mill until the night before her death from senile decay, even climbing stone stairs on her hands and knees to get to work. Said the coroner, "Her spirit is a direct lesson to young people in these days of the dole." Rather, we think, a ghastly exposure of the industrial system under which the aged must work though they are dying.

### Teas and Teas.

For working from 8.30 a.m. till 11 p.m. or midnight six days a week, including Sundays, at all manner of duties, including the preparation of teas for tired golfers and the serving of sandwiches and other comestibles to hungry whist drivers, the Knight's Hill Golf Club, which recently advertised for a stewardess, offered remuneration of 30s. a week. Even with the privilege of carrying her own dinner to the club-house and cooking it there this seems a starvation wage, seeing that no sort of living accommodation is provided.

### Tell Us Your Troubles.

Unaware that she was entitled to any more than the 4s. 2d. a week which she was receiving, Mrs. Bullows, of 33, Acre Street, Hollinwood, Oldham, whose only son was killed in action, wrote to us about her troubles. We placed the matter before the Ministry of Pensions, with the result that not only was the existing pension increased to 9s. with effect from June, 1923, but, in addition, a special needs pension of 12s. 8d. a week was awarded her as from December, 1924. Whatever your pension difficulty, write to JOHN BULL about it.

### Wandering Charity Helpers.

An appeal for £150,000 having been made for an extension of the North Staffordshire Infirmary, the foundation stone of which H.M. the King has graciously consented to lay, employees of the Potteries Electric Tramway Company volunteered to parade the district with a barrel organ and collect for this deserving purpose. Stoke-on-Trent Watch Committee refused to permit this praiseworthy effort, and the men, determined to do their bit somehow, went outside the Potteries to Newcastle-under-Lyme and gathered in over £20. Why should the Stoke authorities hinder charity workers in this way?

### An Old Offender.

C. Mason, of 100, Euston Road, N.W., is a "Football Commissioner" who pays winnings if and when he thinks he will. For years his methods have been the cause of many complaints. He ignores our communications, and we can only advise our readers to have no dealing with him.

### A Costly Secret.

"By this method of business I am able to keep my identity secret from the proprietors of newspapers, etc., with whom I do business," says an anonymous individual who sends out Turf tipster's circulars headed "Gordon Publicity, Expert Business Advisors," from St. Dunstan's Chambers, 10-11, Fetter Lane, E.C. Keeping his secret by this method is liable to cost him £5, the penalty for failing to disclose his identity on his newspaper, as required by the Business Names Act.

### A Winkle Wriggle.

Even winkles enable people to earn a living; but the living is a thin one when they deal with firms like P. Goldsmith and D. Nathan, of 10, Bishop's Road, Cambridge Heath, E. These 'Wholesale and Retail Fishmongers and Poulterers' asked an Irish reader to send them supplies of winkles, but when he pressed for payment of £7 odd they wriggled away. Such frauds on the poor are the worst frauds of all.

### A Despicable Fraud.

Mrs. Edith Salter, the wife of a disabled ex-soldier who keeps a coffee bar in Bridge Road, Battersea, S.W., is another victim of the despicable rogue calling himself G. Scott, of Oxney Green, Chelmsford, to whom we recently referred under the heading "Addled Eggs." Thinking to give her husband a treat, she handed Scott 10s. with an order for eggs, and gave him the address of a relative from whom he collected a similar sum, but no eggs have arrived. What a low cad! Cannot the Battersea "boys" catch him?

### Out Again.

Readers who may be asked to buy tickets for concerts to be given in aid of the drivers of old horse buses and cabs should make careful enquiries before they allow themselves to be carried away by the pitiable tale that is told. William Martin Gill, of 119, Amelia Street, Walworth, S.E., is out again from prison where his fraudulent exploits in this direction landed him as an incorrigible rogue, and has resumed his old game.

### Helping Themselves.

"The London Financial Service" run by the Ashton Brothers at 69, Fleet Street, E.C., continues to be conducted on the self-help principle. A reader who was assured that it would be able to procure capital to enable him to turn his business into a limited liability company paid £12 for the Memorandum of Articles of Association. This is simply so much waste paper, for the brothers will not even reply to his letters asking when the promised capital will be forthcoming.

### A Fat Cheek.

Beresford Maxwell, of 6, Eldon Street, E.C., who advertises a cure for obesity, is more persistent than polite. After a reader had tested his treatment for a month without growing any thinner, he pressed her to continue with the "cure." Ignoring her refusal, he sent a further supply, demanding payment or the return of the stuff at her expense. If he chooses to send people his preparation after they have signified their wish not to receive it, he should be left to call and collect it himself.

### A Matter of Fees.

Our opinion is asked concerning an employment agency run by a Miss A. K. Brett at Pine Ridge Cottage, Shaftesbury, Dorset. Applicants for situations advertised receive a letter, without any printed heading, stating that "Lady Baglan, Lady Muir Mackenzie, Lady Palmer, Lady Fenton and many other well-known people have engaged by me," and asking them to forward 3s. for correspondence, 5 per cent. being chargeable on the first year's salary when suited. We do not advise our readers to send money to any agency which demands preliminary fees, for too often that payment is the end of the matter.

### A Mare's-nest.

"The Southern Co-op. Co." is the curious style of a concern which claims to have a "registered office" at 90, Grove Road, Bow, in the East End of London, from which circulars are being sent out, inviting people to subscribe £2 towards a capital of £3,000 to run a racing stable, owning horses being described as the only way of winning on the Turf. "All training expenses, entry fees, jockey fees, etc., will come out of the capital of the Co." so that it is evidently not proposed to pay much for the horses that will carry the "Red with white star back and front, red cap." The thing looks like a mare's-nest.

### The Human Machine.

## Automatic Machinery by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

FROM time to time I have mentioned in these articles the use that can be made of the subconscious mind.

As a method of reinforcing the formation of habits, of ridding the mind of unreal fears, strengthening the will, and countless other qualities, it has no equal if used intelligently.



"Auto-suggestion," as the psychologists call it, suggestions made by oneself to oneself, is one of the most powerful forces in the world.

Always providing, of course, that the suggestion is made firmly and backed up by the conviction that it is going to be effective.

The subconscious mind seizes on these suggestions, receives them with avidity, and—given the conditions stated in the previous paragraph—endeavours to carry them out continuously.

Moreover, the subconscious mind, unlike the conscious mind, never sleeps. All through the night the suggestion is working, taking hold, consolidating its position.

This is why so many people advise "sleeping over it," when one is confronted by a difficult problem.

Their advice would be endorsed by any psychologist. The subconscious mind is a piece of automatic machinery, tireless, always at the service of anyone who cares to use it.

Test it for yourself. All you have to do is to think out carefully the pros and cons of your problem before going to sleep—and then think no more about it.

You will nearly always find on awakening that the solution springs ready-made to your mind, for your subconscious mind will have been busy on it all the time your conscious mind was asleep.

The point to remember is that you cannot keep your subconscious mind idle.

You might just as well, therefore, make deliberate use of it.

# STRANGE CASE OF ELSIE STONG

BUMBLE THE TASKMASTER  
Shameful Slavery in State Institutions

**S**LAVERY has an ugly sound, repellent to the ears of every free-born British man and woman. We pride ourselves as a nation upon our love of liberty and upon having taken the first steps towards the emancipation of slaves in other lands.

Yet slavery is still carried on in Great Britain, in places which but feebly conceal their true character under the designation of industrial schools, colonies, and other descriptions of State institutions, and its outward appearance does not make it any more palatable. As Sterne in his "Sentimental Journey" said, "Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, thou art a bitter draught."

A child who has grown to womanhood, and drained to the dregs the bitter portion of a slave, is Elsie Stong, who, twelve years ago, at the age of ten, was committed to the care of an institution until she should reach the age of sixteen. She is now twenty-two, but she has not yet been released from her bondage.

## Caged like a bird

If the essence of slavery lies, as we hold, not so much in the nature of the tasks imposed as in the negation of personal liberty and the withholding of proper remuneration for work done, this young woman is to all intents and purposes a slave.

She is not a criminal. No charge of any kind has ever been made against her. She was not even a child inclined to run wild, for whom some form of restraint might have been thought desirable. She was voluntarily surrendered to the care of the State by her mother simply because of domestic circumstances which made it difficult for her to be maintained at home.

The mother was poor and had not

the means to support four growing girls. Two of them were handed over to foster-parents in private houses, one was placed in a home at Bath, and Elsie was sent to an institution at Stapleton, Bristol, then known as the Stoke Park Special Industrial School, but now officially referred to as the Stoke Park Colony.

## In endless bondage

Elsie Stong is one of many who have entered this institution in childhood with the anticipation of being restored to their parents after adolescence, only to realise bitterly, as the years have passed by, that their hopes were doomed to disappointment. The gates swing open easily upon entering, but they are hard to unlock when anyone wishes to depart.

Children of both sexes are sent to this place with the idea that they will receive training which will enable them to become useful citizens. They look forward to their release to take their proper place in life as self-supporting members of society. What becomes of them?

In far too many cases they never regain their liberty, and if they leave the institution it is only to be transferred to another, where they remain in hopeless bondage. The effect of the training which was to convert them into creditable citizens appears to be to turn them into slaves of the State, officially classed as half-witted.

On their reaching the age of sixteen, when their hearts are made light by hopes of early freedom, a stereotyped circular is sent to their parents stating that they have become light-headed and have been certified as "mentally defective," an elastic term which is grossly misused.

This is what happened in the case of Edith Mansfield, of Flamstead End, Hertfordshire, who was sent to Stoke

Park at the age of eleven and was still there at twenty-two. It happened to Dora Thorp, of King's Cross, who went there when she was twelve and was still detained at twenty-four. It happened to Albert Benn, of Stepney, who entered as a bright boy of eleven and was found "mentally deficient" at sixteen.

We exposed these three cases but a short time ago, and urged the Home Secretary to hold an enquiry and take prompt action to remedy the matter. Now the same thing has happened in the case of Elsie Stong, and the authorities remain adamant as ever.

Elsie Stong's mother has remarried since she handed her child over to the State, and is now Mrs. Gregory, of 68, Hayles Street, Southwark, S.E. Her husband is in a good position, and is well able to support the daughter at home.

For four years since she remarried Mrs. Gregory has tried to obtain her daughter's release from bondage. Her letters have been suppressed by the authorities at Stoke Park on the ground that they might have an unsettling influence on the girl. The powers that be seemed far more concerned that she should be left undisturbed, to slave from morning till night weaving calico, making mats and sunblinds, and other tasks, for which she received no pay.

## When will it end?

A few weeks ago she was transferred to the Eagle House Certified Institution at Mitcham. Though she has been allowed to visit her mother, the authorities make it clear that if she is not returned to the institution a penalty of three months' imprisonment may be imposed.

How much longer is this scandal of "mentally deficient" slavery to continue?

# Shylocks in the Shade

A Russian rascal

**A**T last, after the long war waged in this journal against moneylending bloodsuckers, Parliament is to be asked to vote for legislation that will enable drastic action to be taken against all preying financial sharks.

A particularly mean rascal is Mr. Theodore Caine, of Dartmouth Road, Cricklewood, who carries on a money-lending business at Cromwell House, Surrey Street, Strand, W.C.

Some months ago, after we had denounced his methods, he was convicted at Bow Street for neglecting to show his proper name on his business notepaper, and with not keeping his registration up to date.

"Theodore Caine" hides the identity of a naturalised Russian whose real name is Tobias Cohen. One would have thought that his conviction would have taught him a lesson, but he is far too brazen to bother about little things like that.

He carried on just as usual, in fact, and was again convicted last week for deliberately endeavouring to conceal his former name and nationality from circulars he was sending out for the purpose of inducing people to borrow money from him at enormously low (sic!) rates of interest. As a matter of fact, the interest he charges is exceedingly high.

## "Private" assistance offered

Financial sharks of this type are not confined to London, and we urge the public to shun an interesting person operating from "Burwood," Cornwall Road, Felixstowe, whose name is E. A. Palmer.

This man states on his business cards that he "privately" assists those who require money unknown to relations or friends, and that he is not a moneylender. We agree that he is not.

One of his clients wished to borrow £50. Palmer agreed to lend this sum at 10 per cent. interest, and the would-be borrower wrote accepting these terms.

Then a letter was received from Palmer asking for a deposit of £5. "I am compelled to ask the £5 in advance," he wrote, "as lending like I do, many would try to get money from me in the street."

## The promised loan

The applicant sent on his liver. This happened last November. But he has failed to receive the promised loan, nor can he get his own money back.

The disappointed client wrote several times for satisfaction. His letters were ignored.

On his behalf we then wrote to Palmer, but he is apparently too busy raking in the shekels to deal with tiresome correspondence about the money of duped clients.

We advise Mr. Palmer to return this £5 immediately. And we state emphatically that if he gets many fivers in this extraordinary fashion the sooner his activities are investigated by the police the better.

# A Crook from the Continent

The Thief of the Century

**O**NE of the gravest scandals of our police administration is the immunity of an international crook about whom the dossiers at Scotland Yard are crammed with information.

From investigations in the underworld we are able to throw publicity on the most recent exploits of this scoundrel, and to show how completely he is able to outwit the police officers who have been on his track for many years.

He is known to Scotland Yard, and to the police of many provincial towns, by a variety of names. Here are a few of those he has used from time to time: Terence Hogan, Martyn, O'Riley, Thomas, Andrews, Baker, O'Farrell, Robinson, Baker-Thomas, and O'Leary.

His activities have not been confined to Great Britain. He is also "wanted" by the American and French and German police for "confidence" crimes. Once he was

caught in America and sent to Sing Sing prison for a spell. This did not deter him—he came to England and made London his headquarters.

He has caught victims in England alone to the tune of over £20,000 a year, and he intends to go on doing so while our police sleuths are so easily thrown off the scent. There are several warrants out against him for defrauding people in his inimitable way.

The authorities, if they know the truth, must be sore over the fact that, some time ago, when a police officer was detailed to watch a house near Regent's Park, the clever scoundrel was actually bleeding another victim not a stone's-throw from where the watching detective was standing!

His latest triumph has been effected in Paris where, by working the "confidence" trick, he succeeded a few days ago in robbing an American tourist of nearly 35,000 francs!

The highly trained sleuths of the

Surete—the Scotland Yard of Paris—are as baffled as is Scotland Yard. They cannot understand how O'Riley can slip through their fingers. Neither can we. But we can help them.

A man named Eddie Delaney was recently, at the Old Bailey, sent to jail for three years as a "cat" burglar. Do the police know that he was one of the most accomplished confidence tricksters of O'Riley's band?

If the police watch the movements of Delaney's confederates, they will be able to catch the super-scoundrel—O'Riley—who has secretly arranged, if everything goes according to plan, to return to London shortly to become their chief of staff.

He is not afraid of the police. He boasts that he can outwit them easily. It certainly seems that he is right in this respect.

Watch the ports! We do not want O'Riley here—unless he is to be arrested and sent to penal servitude.

# Clerical Choler!

A cool request

people behind the Northern Evangelistic Association are very perturbed over our criticisms. Mr. A. J. Matthews, the Superintendent, has begged the Lord of Aberdeen to request us to further publicity until the Lord has placed its side of the matter before him. The Lord of Aberdeen has, of course, no such request. "Rev." J. R. Penrose, who is our leading colleague, writes that our statements that the Lord suggested that any of its clerical should wear a clerical collar is not true, and that Pastor is denied to him, in that he ever suggested such a thing. As, however, our reference to a clerical collar was based upon an communication of the association sent the following reply to us:

Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your of the 27th ult. If your Mr. Matthews, tells you he has never suggested that a should wear a clerical collar correct, as before me I have a written and signed by Mr. Matthews, from which the quotation in the last article was taken. Matthews has now wired us asking interview in order that he can side before us for publication. Without giving any undertaking, we stated that we are willing to him and to hear what he has

## Money Mystery

PEOPLE all over the country, who subscribed to the big sweepstake on last year's organised by the Otley Club, are now becoming than ever impatient as to when are likely to get complete action in regard to their griev-

police stopped the sweepstake. thing like £80,000 was received subscribers, who, for months, been waiting for its promised

have filled up forms, written letter to Mr. G. B. Lomas—er—who was some months ago by the Public Prosecutor al with the matter and return money—and are now receiving of the money back.

are asking why only a part of subscriptions is being returned, are wondering what is happening

the object of the sweepstake was increase the depleted funds of the Unionist Club. The whole was illegal, and it is only right proper that the subscribers should an explanation without delay where the rest of the money has

# Colossal Wireless Fraud

HONEST TRADERS DEFRAUDED BY CROOKS  
Grave Menace to Wireless Industry

JOHN BULL

**S**IMULTANEOUS with the publication of the Bankruptcy Committee's report advocating an increase in the penalty for fraudulent bankruptcy to five years' penal servitude comes unquestionable evidence of a widespread long-firm conspiracy in the wireless industry.

Within the past year, manufacturers have lost hundreds of thousands, one group alone of the radio long-firm gang having netted between £40,000 and £50,000 as the result of brazen bankruptcy swindles over a short period. Their headquarters are in the East-end of London, and the ringleader is a close relative of Solomon Michaels, his son, Nathan Michaels, and Myer Angel, a son-in-law, who are undergoing various sentences for the notorious Canton conspiracy to rob the drapery trade.

## How the game is worked

One of the firms concerned is the Wholesale Machine Supply Company, Ltd., of 23, Osborn Street, and 42, Vallance Road, E., with Davis Cohen, Charles Cohen and Myer Angel as directors.

With a telegraphic address of "Pharbeta," the company found it far better to secure goods without paying for them than to engage in honest trading, and succeeded in "ruining" themselves by voluntary liquidation, with debts of £10,000, and assets which brought the creditors something less than a farthing in the pound.

Curiously enough, the company had some connection with H. G. Weiner and Co., of Leicester, who have also gone into "voluntary liquidation" with debts which, first stated at £10,000, are now expected to reach at least £15,000.

They actually gave their name as

a reference to business firms, and in face of their obvious knowledge of each other it is unfortunate that Weiner should not have profited by the Wholesale Supply Company's disastrous descent to Carey Street.

## The gang's cat's-paws

Hyman Gershon Weiner, the principal, in fact, did not properly commence operations until his friends were in the hands of the receiver.

The history of the Weiner plot, which we have now been able to unravel, is astonishing both for its cunning and for its success. The organisation set up proved to be perfect, both as regards the "purchase" of wireless goods and their distribution through receivers in the retail trade.

Three cats-paws were employed—Weiner himself, "R. Berger," and one Polinsky. R. Berger, in company with a woman called Ray Sooter, whose description answers closely to that of the wife of the man behind the scenes, commenced business in High Holborn as William Courtney and Co.; and Polinsky became "Douglas Armstrong" of Kingsway.

## Back-scratching de luxe

Courtney and Co., and Douglas Armstrong, who had to find references for the satisfaction of their landlords, wrote of each other in glowing terms.

References were also supplied by Licelle (B. Ringle) of Charing Cross Road, and a gentleman at the same address who has proved to be none other than "Berger," this time under his real name.

Having scratched each other's backs, they then combined to do a good turn to Hyman Gershon Weiner, speaking of him most favourably to business firms who

asked for a reference. Goods having been supplied on the strength of the



Sir Henry Dickens, K.C., the Common Serjeant, who considers that long firm frauds are creating a panic among traders.

high esteem in which Weiner was held in Kingsway and Holborn, another party entered into the circle.

This was "W. L. Endersby and Co.," a mysterious individual, with an address at Shaftesbury Avenue, who has rarely been seen, and who

has not been traced. The wireless material was ostensibly consigned to him by motor lorry, but was not delivered to Shaftesbury Avenue.

It went instead to the East-end, where there was suitable accommodation at two addresses used by the "chief." It was afterwards distributed, for the most part, to a well-known retail firm in the City.

This firm, which advertises extensively, has long been a puzzle to the trade, by reason of the low rates which it is able to quote. When, however, competitors realise that the firm have been acquiring their goods through long-firm channels, it will readily be understood that they are selling at an enormous profit.

Here we find the real enemies of the trade—the individuals who provide a market for the stolen property—and we shall have much pleasure in furnishing the Receiver with information which would justify criminal proceedings being taken against the gentlemen in question.

Unless something drastic is done, a very serious position will be created in the wireless trade.

## Scandal of Wembley Finance

A Second Failure Probable

**I**N the early days of the building of the British Empire Exhibition we considered it our duty to criticise many of the arrangements made, and to call upon the Exhibition authorities to show greater care and efficiency in pursuing their plans.

It is easy to be wise after the event. When, over two years ago, we stated our belief that through bungling and mis-management the Exhibition would not show any profit, and that there was "almost the certainty of a very heavy loss," many people disagreed with us. These people are wiser to-day—they have to face the cold fact that there are no profits.

The truth is that the Exhibition has made very heavy losses—losses amounting, as far as can be ascertained, to two million pounds!

What is to be done? It is not much use crying over spilt milk. But before any further money is

spent the man in the street has a right to know how such an enormous amount of money has been lost.

We say plainly that the Exhibition authorities must very seriously take the position in hand, otherwise they will sink more deeply into the mire. They have gone to the House of Commons and asked it to vote a tremendous sum of money towards the administration of Wembley during its second year. But what guarantee is there that the coming season will not close with a greater financial calamity than the last?

From the start the Exhibition has been badly bungled. Many of the people occupying important posts are not fitted for them. Promoters of a dubious character and of unsound financial standing have been permitted to undertake work which should never have been given to them.

Exorbitant prices have been

charged for rent, out of all proportion to the profits likely to be made on the sites themselves, and large sums of money have been recklessly spent, owing to the fact that the staff in many cases has been badly selected.

Now, with a loss of two million pounds, is this state of affairs to continue? Before any more money is thrown away we think the Government should clear the doubts which exist in the public mind by placing before the House of Commons for discussion a balance-sheet, audited by a firm of chartered accountants.

If drastic alterations in regard to the administration and expenditure are not immediately embarked upon who can say that we shall not find ourselves in the end without any money and with greater liabilities than ever? There is urgent need for a Royal Commission to probe the whole matter to its depths.

## Ford, the Fishy

### A Bungalow Swindle

THE time has come when we must call upon the Public Prosecutor, Sir Archibald Bodkin, to give his attention to the activities of a financial shark who has been for a long time playing ducks and drakes with other people's money.

His victims are countless, and for the most part come from the poorer classes. Through a limited company with which he was associated, called the Marlborough Estates and Building Association, Ltd., he has obtained sums of money from people in search of work which, understood to be permanent, turned out to be only temporary.

This was not enough for this scheming rascal, whose name is Samuel George Ford, and who worked his swindles from 32, Great Marlborough Street, London, W. He conceived the idea of starting a project called the "Bungalow Ballot," and gave it out that he was going to give a percentage of the money subscribed to the Westminster Hospital.

### Nothing doing

Months ago complaints began to reach us about Mr. Ford's activities, and, upon taking the matter up with the Westminster Hospital, whose name was specifically used on the tickets of the ballot, we discovered that it had not received a penny piece, and had instructed Ford not to use its name.

The ballot has not been drawn. The ticket-holders, who paid half-a-crown each for their chance to win an up-to-date bungalow, have not even received a brick. There are twenty thousand of them, and they want to know what has happened to their money. So do we.

A receiving order was some time ago made against Ford. But the rascal regarded this as something that did not matter, just as he ignored the complaining letters of his dupes.

### Police awake

Four months ago we took up the case of the hundreds of people who had been swindled. The police began to make enquiries.

Ford's affairs then passed into the hands of the Official Receiver, who called upon Ford to account for the large sums of money he had received in connection with the ballot. Still he ignored this request.

He has filed no account of the money, nor has he attended the court to give an explanation of his reprehensible conduct. In his absence the Official Receiver has been able to do nothing more, and last week adjourned his examination in bankruptcy *sine die*.

The matter must not rest here. A man who takes money from the public in the name of a hospital sadly in need of funds, and who robs that hospital, and the public too, must be compelled to answer for his offence by standing in the dock.

Will the Public Prosecutor act?

## CHARITY CHEATERS' CHEEK

When Thieves Fall Out . . .

A DESPICABLE charity exploiter named Clements, alias Browne Clements, alias Clement Vaughan and Vaughan Clements has for many years been connected with a gang of thieves who, in the inadequate state of the law, are able to rob the public with impunity.

He has gone to jail for two months. But behind him are a ring of rogues who are responsible in equal measure for the charity swindles practised on the public.

In our issue of December 20 we exposed a person giving the name of F. Hill-Wood, of 138, Harborough Road, Streatham, who calmly approached a West End specialist and asked him to finance a special "Christmas Charity Ballot." In return for his financial support the doctor was to receive a large percentage of the collections, and, incidentally, Mr. Hill-Wood suggested that he could "arrange" for the first prize of £250 to be won by a friend of his, who would return it immediately if he were paid a fiver for his trouble!

When Clements was taken into custody he was accompanied by a woman named Mrs. Quelch-Woolfs,

and her son and daughter. Curiously enough, all these people came from 138, Harborough Road, the same address as that given by Mr. Hill-Wood!

Now when Mr. Hill-Wood was asked by the West End specialist upon whose authority he proposed to run the Christmas ballot, he gave the name of the Westminster Charities Committee, a swindling concern which has been repeatedly denounced in these columns.

When the police arrested Mr. Clements, and asked him upon whose authority he was collecting, he curiously enough also gave the name of the Westminster Charities Committee!

Clements stated quite emphatically that he was collecting with their authority, and that he had handed over some of the money to a Mr. Walter Blackburn, of the Westminster Charities Committee, who was perfectly aware of what he was doing.

Blackburn is a rascal who has also been to jail for charitable frauds, and his recent activities should engage the attention of the police.

Clements has been the bosom friend of a thief named Anthony Bashame, and he was associated with a very

enterprising person named Henry Dunsford, one of whose suspicious "charitable" concerns—the Disabled Soldiers and Sailors Society—was struck off the register some time ago, after complaints had been lodged with the police.

Clements was associated also with the Melbourne Inman Workshop Fund and was suspected of misappropriating some thousands of pounds of money subscribed to it for charity. A warrant was issued against him on another charge of theft, and he was arrested; but, owing to the fact that Mr. Melbourne Inman did not prosecute, was given his liberty.

He was arrested again on the South Coast some two years ago on a charge of obtaining charitable contributions by fraud, but again the lack of evidence got him off.

The woman in the recent case against Clements, Mrs. Quelch-Woolfs, is also a very shady charity collector and the associate of thieves.

In our opinion, the Westminster Charities Committee is fraudulent in the extreme, and we hope that Scotland Yard will prevent it from further imposing on the charitable public.

## Bananas and Bounce

A LITTLE while ago red-nosed comedians used to sing a song entitled "I Want Some Money," and very likely followed this by one of two songs, "Yes—We Have No Bananas," or a curious medley that seemed to be based on the love affairs of a wild-eyed monkey sitting alone in a cocoanut tree.

Now, would you really like to make some money? If so, would you mind if you obtained it from our fruity friends, the banana or the cocoanut? We presume you would not, and thus we have pleasure in introducing you to some rather interesting gentlemen.

They call themselves the Fiji Cocoanut and Banana Estates, Limited, and are busy broadcasting their benevolent offers to all and sundry. It seems that they are in

a position to sell wonderfully gilt-edged, copper-bottomed, profit-sharing bond stocks in an extraordinarily productive banana and cocoanut plantation in far-away Fiji.

But—wait a second. Remember, it looks easier to knock down a cocoanut at a fair than it really is when you try. Try, with us, then, first of all, to find the real milk in the cocoanut.

As there are no details whatever of the plantation out of which you are to become a colossal financier among your fellows, we do not advise any readers to invest in this fruity project. The concern is another of the type of preposterous flat traps originated by an ex-convict named Ainsworth, and the people behind the present one—Messrs. Buckworth, Greene and Beard—are well known as shady company promoters.

Their game is as old as the oldest cocoanut, and their audacity as ripe as the ripest banana. They form a company, offer you something at a remarkably low cost, pay you dividends on your investments for a time, and then they regret to inform you that the company, by virtue of its liabilities, cannot carry on and must therefore go into liquidation!

The only people who make any real money out of it are the gentlemen who promote it. So, no matter how much you keep saying to yourself, "I want some money," and despite how terribly "Yes—We Have No Bananas" grates on your nerves, just take our tip—tell the Fiji Cocoanut and Banana Estates, Limited, to send their rubbishy literature to monkey-land.

## Looting with the Lute

THE poet breathed a song into the air, and found it years afterwards in the heart of a friend.

More recent bards who breathed a song into the ear of the "British Song Publishers," and who have not yet had a reply, may possibly find their manuscript in the letter-box at 52, Great Marlborough Street, the headquarters of the melody factory.

Following certain comments in these columns, G. M. Archer, the managing director, has not been seen at the office for a fortnight, and the letter-box is in a state of congestion. Our own letter-box would be in a similar state had we left in it the mass of correspondence from song-writers whose words have not yet been said with music by the B.S.P.

Several of them have forwarded copies of a melancholy circular sent to them from Great Marlborough Street.

In announcing their demise, the chief blame is laid on the former general manager, John Elgin Godson, alias Bud Pollard, for his careless handling of the finances. All might have been well even then, and the whole business reorganised, had it not been that many of their clients, "in their misguided ignorance, saw fit to write to a certain weekly by the name of JOHN BULL and complained about the slack methods of the British Song Publishers as conducted by Godson."

"This so-called friend of the people," says the circular, "in January of this year published an article, the substance of which is

untrue and a base libel. If the editor of JOHN BULL had taken the trouble to interview the British Song Publishers, he would have ascertained the full facts of the case."

Curiously enough, we did make enquiries, and, in reply to a 'phone call by a lady who claimed to be "G. M. Archer," invited her to call at the office. An appointment was made, but the lady did not appear.

Having consequently, to protect the public, gone ahead with the publication of the "base libel," we waited for the legal proceedings by which British Song Publishers might have cleared their character.

Here, again, we were disappointed, and our readers must therefore conclude that we stated no more than the truth.

# Jeremiah and the Jerry Builder

***It is the duty of all to try to obtain better-built houses. Care must be taken to prevent erecting slums. Moral forces lie at the root of the problem***

by Dr. L. P. JACKS,

Principal of Manchester College, Oxford.

**A**LL right-minded men and women are engaged to-day in a crusade for better conditions. It is a good augury when you see a man who really cares about improving himself; it is better when you find a whole epoch in the same state of mind. That is what we mean when we talk about better conditions.

I doubt if better conditions are obtainable by Acts of Parliament. These are needed, but unless they are backed up by the moral forces of the community, they will not attain their object.

In the list of "better conditions" there is one that occupies the central position, better housing. Better housing is the key to the problem of better conditions in general, because the family is the unit of social life. The first need of a civilised State is the need of homes in which families can be formed and kept together; no home, no families; no families, no civilisation.

In America, when a young man of position wants to get married, and goes to the father of his prospective bride to get the parental sanction, the first question the father asks in these days is not "Can you provide my daughter with a home?" but "Can you provide my daughter with a motor-car?"

## Master never at home

You cannot bring up a family on wheels. The housing problem is not confined to the very poor. A family gains very little by having a comfortable home unless it means to stay in it. The neighbourhood gains very little from the presence of that family if the head of it is never to be found at home. If he is the kind of person who can never be in one place for five minutes without wanting to be somewhere else—and he is likely to be that if he possesses a motor-car—then that nice house of his ceases to be a home and becomes a mere point of departure.

You do not solve the housing problem by providing every family with a point of departure. A home means steadiness, regularity, continuity.

Suppose we had it in our power, to-day or to-morrow, to abolish every slum in existence and call into being those two million houses that were talked of not long ago. We should do it, I am sure. But would the housing problem be solved? Alas, it would not.

## Coming down in the world

What is a slum? Slums are human habitations that have come down in the social scale. They are to be classed with fallen angels, fallen men, fallen women. They illustrate the doctrine of the fallen.

They were not always what they are now. Once they were good things; now they are evil things. They have descended the social ladder until they have become the abominations they are.

Broadly speaking, one may say that nobody ever deliberately set out to build a slum. Most of the slums began as decent neighbourhoods, and the builder, when he had finished, congratulated himself on the nice little houses he had put up for working people. Some of them had quite an aristocratic origin—born, one might say, in the autocracy.

I could take you to a fine house, built of hewn stone, in one of our northern cities. It was

inhabited eighty years ago by a prosperous merchant. It was surrounded by a beautiful garden, and peacocks were strutting about on the lawns. Now the peacocks have gone, the lawns are built over. The house is inhabited by eighteen families, and is one of the nastiest slums I know.

Social pressure has done that. Causes we have not yet learnt to control have done that, and will go on doing it unless we learn to control them. If somebody were to write a History of Slums, the opening chapters would be bright and cheerful; the closing chapters would be dark and terrible.

Some of the worst slums of London were suburbs within memory of living man. Along the 'bus route from Paddington to Golders Green you may pass through miles of streets of good-sized houses that were inhabited not so long ago by people who brought up their families in decency and comfort, one family to each house. But now you will often find a family in every room. A flight of stone steps leads up to the front door, and there used to be a bell for visitors.

Groups of women who do not look as though they found the world a paradise, or made it a paradise for anybody else, gossip and nurse their babies on the stone steps that were once scrubbed clean by the housemaid every morning. The neighbourhood has "gone down," as we say.

I wonder how many neighbourhoods where the conditions are now good have started on the same downward path? When once a neighbourhood begins to go down it goes down very rapidly. It doesn't take long to turn a suburb into a slum. You can do it in a generation.

## "The glory has departed"

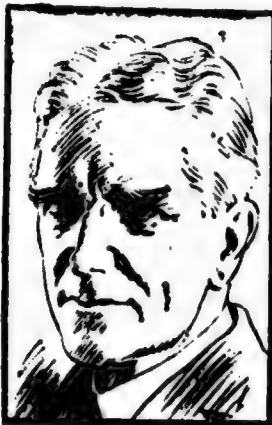
Not far from where I live there is a large bunch of houses that were put up with public money, at an enormous expense, soon after the war—council houses they are called. The rents are high, but even so they do not pay an economic interest. That comes out of the pockets of the community.

The consequence of the high rents is that the occupants take lodgers in houses already overcrowded.

When they were put up people said what smart-looking houses—that was five years ago. They don't say so now. Those houses are crumbling to pieces. They were all jerry-built. Those houses were then almost in the country. They are not so now. The jerry-builder is at work in the neighbourhood, the town is slopping over all round them, and in another generation the block of smart-looking council houses will be a slum.

There are hundreds of such cases. That is how we solve the housing problem—erecting the slums of the future by the measures we take to abolish those of the present. Are we not stupid people?

The history of the slums teaches us that the housing problem is not to be solved merely by putting up a million houses. We gain very little by creating better conditions unless we can keep them better when we have got them.



Dr. L. P. Jacks.

The slums make a story of better conditions which have degenerated into worse conditions through ignorance and through a failure of the moral forces. These moral forces lie at the root of the whole problem of better conditions.

Moral forces lie inside the daily work of the world, or rather inside that bit of it which has fallen to my lot. The moral forces are not beneficent extras which you attend to when the day's work is done. You attend to them when the day's work begins.

Unless the moral forces operate in the way I do my job they do not operate at all so far as I am concerned. Unless I serve society by the way I do my job, I do not serve it at all.

A man who prates about social service when he is off duty and scamps his job while he is on duty is a hypocrite, and the portion of a hypocrite will be served out to him. There are many such hypocrites abroad at the present day.

## 24-hour righteousness

I see no hope of better conditions prevailing until the moral forces are brought into the day's work, until the whole community has learnt the simple lesson that if a man is to be righteous anywhere he must be righteous in the way he does his job.

Let us go back for a moment to the question of building houses. Building is one of the chief functions of man. Show me how people build, and I will tell you whether the moral forces are in operation or not. Show me the kind of building the community is content with, and I will read off from that how the people stand in the matter of self-respect and morality.

Bring all parties together—the town planner, the architect, the contractor, the carpenter, the bricklayer, the plumber, and the plasterer; show me the kind of material they use, the bricks and the mortar and the timber; show me the way they put all together—and you will then have shown me something that tells me more about the real moral conditions of those people than anything I hear said in churches or chapels, or than anything I find written in books, about the spirit of the age.

Whenever you see the jerry-builder at work—and you will have no difficulty in that—you may take it as a sure sign that something has gone wrong with the moral forces. Whose is the responsibility is another question. Probably we are all responsible.

What is the remedy for these things? What means are to be employed to bring the moral forces down from the clouds and set them operating in the work of the world. The means lie in a word—co-operation.

## Social morality

Moral forces are essentially co-operative forces; they involve the action of men who understand one another, who trust one another, who work together for a common aim. If you examine the causes of the bad work that is done in the world you will find that the chief cause is always the want of intelligent co-operation; that forces that operate in society become unmoral and destructive just in proportion as the workers are separated from one another, as consumer and producer, or as employer and employed. They become moral just in proportion as they are knit together in common action. It is co-operation that makes them moral.

# Baldwin as Labour Leader!

## A STORMY WEEK IN THE COMMONS

by Lt.-Comm. The Hon. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.

**D**URING the past few days the House of Commons has been languishing under a kind of forced armistice which may—or may not—account for the temporary collapse of the Opposition, which is divided into three groups, and between the groups themselves there is a good deal of rivalry not always friendly. But they all unite in striding the unfortunate Front Bench whenever there is nothing better to do.

The Scottish reserves on the back benches are really led by Jimmy Maxton, ex-schoolmaster—long, lean, pale and cadaverous, with a sweeping mane of black hair and a romantic appearance. He looks the real fanatic and political desperado; but he has the ear of the House owing to his obvious sincerity and frequent flashes of dry Scottish humour. If he is diligent he should go far as a Parliamentarian.

**I**N contrast to Maxton we have the Rev. Campbell Stephen, who looks anything but the Free Church Minister, M.A., B.Sc., that he is. He is absurdly young-looking and has the appearance of an overgrown school-boy with a somewhat plump figure. He always speaks to the House in a manner of pained surprise at the Conservatives being so unreasonable as to agree with him on any point of view whatsoever.

Whenever the Clyde group has retired for a conference, or for refreshment, the Poplar group comes into action. This usually takes place on the question of armaments. As there are many en-



"Jimmy Maxton, a gineering and ship-political desperado."

The Poplarites are led by the great George Lansbury, who is the visible embodiment of the foreigner's conception of an English lord. He was always called "My Lord" during his famous visit to Russia, and his distinguished face, old-fashioned side-whiskers and commanding presence make him look the part perfectly!

Poor Ramsay MacDonald! Who would envy him his task of driving such a team? The only thing that unites them for the moment is their determination to claim their independence from his leadership. But these differences are superficial,



"... 'My Lord' Lansbury."

and the party rushes together in one cohesive body if one of its members is unfairly attacked from the other side, as in most family quarrels. This was the case on Thursday of last week when Mr. Kirkwood, our stormiest petrel, was unexpectedly and, on this occasion, rather unnecessarily suspended by the chair. The party, united as never before, then walked out in a body.

**T**HE Liberals also have been quiet, and will have to assert themselves and be more constant in attendance if they are going to make good. Mr. Lloyd George's illness has left a serious gap, largely filled by Walter Runciman.

This wealthy shipowner, and former President of the Board of Trade, has always been a power in Parliament, and will be a greater still. He is a leader of both the Temperance and Free Church movements in the country, a director of the Westminster Bank, and a recognised economist. He is a business man, a sound financier, and an economist.

The Government position during the debate on the Trade Facilities Bill was defended by Col. Walter Guinness, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, though with not much success; he was obviously overborne by the weight of the artillery brought against him.

There are two Guinnesses in the House, Walter and his brother Rupert, now known as Lord Elveden. Walter is painstaking, a hard worker, dull in debate, tall, slight and white-faced; Elveden takes little part in the work of the House, is ruddy and robust, and the two are

known as "Guinness Pale" and "Guinness Stout."

**W**E had a foretaste of troubles to come in this Parliament in the debate on subversive propaganda. A demand was made on the Government to deal more strongly with Communist agitators.

Mr. Scurr put down an amendment demanding non-interference with free speech, and was supported by Mr. Wheatley. The Government left its case in the hands of the youthful Earl Winterton, who entered Parliament in 1904 as the baby of the House, and has never grown up!

He was a great supporter of the Ulster Volunteers before the war, and obviously spoke with his tongue in his cheek when he condemned all unconstitutional action. A master of foxhounds in private life, he whipped on the dogs of war against all subversive elements in the State.

**T**HE promoters of the Trade Union Levy Bill knew that they were beaten before the battle started, but began with the intention of fighting a stout rear-guard action. Mr. Macquisten supplied the staunch Highland Infantry. The already beaten army cheered faintly.

The heavy artillery of the retreating "... Walter Runciman, a sound financier."

The Prime Minister came into action at once, and delivered the finest speech of his career, converting his somewhat uneasy followers and drawing deserters from Macquisten's army with every word. Most of the cheering was done by the Labour Party and Liberals. What a Labour leader he would make!

We now know why Oliver Baldwin, the Prime Minister's son, is a Socialist. His father thinks aloud over the breakfast coffee.



### The Sentence of the Court

## A Bowled Baron

Blue Blooded Blither  
by HARRISON OWEN



**C**HARGED with uttering "contemptuous" verbal coinage Richard Lathbury Piggington Bethell, Baron Westbury, pleaded "Not haw-guilty."

"The accused," said Mr. Watchdog, "has lately been doing a little globe-trotting, and when in Australia he graciously acceded to an interview to the Sydney Daily Telegraph. The Australians, who are not disposed to show undue reverence for coronets irrespective of what may be inside the heads that wear them, may not have believed all that this titled hippogriff told them, but if they did, they must not picture England as a decadent country populated by wasters and barbarians."

"It seems to me," Lord Westbury told the Australian Press, "that England is going to the dogs... The trouble is that its people won't work... Many men prefer to live altogether on the dog taking an occasional job... A bricklayer, with his wife and ten children in support, is not allowed by the cannibals to lay more bricks than a single man. If he persists he falls a victim to what is euphemistically called 'peaceful picketing'—he is hit on the head and kicked insensible."

"If this country is 'going to the dogs,' continued counsel, "it is some consolation to know that some of our dull dogs are going to Australia. I shall not so grossly underestimate the intelligence of our overseas kinsmen as to suppose that they received the remarks of the noble Richard Lathbury Bethell, etc., with other than irreverent hilarity; but that his countenance felt coins were declined with scorn in a way mitigates the offence of this aristocratic stinking-fishmonger in attempting to pass them."

**M**R. STRAWSPITTER said that he could not produce medical evidence to show that his client was suffering from a touch of the Australian sun when he gave the interview; but it was not unreasonable to suppose that the war climate "down under" had caused the Baron's blue blood to become overheated, producing a rush of words to the epiglottis.

"It is all very well for counsel to say his client," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "but it is very disturbing to think that persons like the prisoner, when they go abroad, hold the reputation of this country in the hollow of their hands. I do not know whether I am most flattered by the fantastic taradiddle about being kicked into insensibility or by the impudence of an unemployed peer, who spends his time wandering about when he could be helping to save his bleeding country in the House of Lords, talking through his coronet about people who won't work."

The statement that bricklayers are restricted in any way by their unions has been contradicted again and again.

"Contemplating this triumph of plain unvarnished cheek, I feel very much inclined to award the bun to this least, if not last, of the barons; but instead I shall award him six months' penal solitude to some tropical island, where, unless he climbs trees for his breakfast, he will be faced with the painful alternative of swallowing his own words."

## Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND



"You've heard about this coat, no doubt, And know just where it falls; So while," says John, "I've got it on You might snip off those tails!"



Stuck in the pen for weeks the hen Upon the egg has straddled. And now the chick should come out "quick" Unless the egg is added!



It was the toss that caused the loss, Tho' troubles we had many, One thing we lacked,—to be exact—A double-headed penny.

# INNOCENT LITTLE VICTIMS

**A MARRIAGE where there are children cannot be broken without grave disaster; for all creative things are eternal**

by C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY,  
Author of "Divorce: To-day and To-morrow," etc.

PERHAPS on no question connected with divorce is greater nonsense talked than on the results to children when a marriage is broken. It is universally asserted by the advocates of reform that it is better for the parents to part than for the children to live in a home in which their father and mother have ceased to love each other.

I am not sure that this is true: the child's values are often very different from adults' values. I recall the case of a little girl who was brought to me for advice and treatment. She was ten years old, suffering from complicated nervous disturbance. She had been sent away from several schools for dishonesty and general bad conduct; twice she had tried to kill herself.

A short enquiry revealed the origin of her trouble—her mother had gone away; there had been a divorce. She had a step-mother, a particularly charming and wise woman, but the child loved and wanted her own mother. Her trouble was even complicated by the kindness of the new mother, her young soul being torn by conflicting loyalties and opposing affections.

## A new parent

The change of a mother or a father is a tremendous fact to a child, and is quite independent of whether the new

parent is better or worse than the leaving parent.

A boy of nine had to face the difficulty of changing his "father." Again, the new parent was a better man than the old parent. But here, too, the boy loved his own father; he knew nothing of the infidelity which had broken the marriage. He missed his playfellow and fell ill. Matters became worse as he learnt to care for his step-father. Conflict was started between the old love and the new love. He fell into grave moral faults.

## Few parents blame us

These two cases, chosen out of many, are in no way remarkable. They illustrate the nervous complications likely to follow the emotional cataclysm to a child of losing, and afterwards changing, a parent.

Only those parents who are sure they are not claiming their individual right to freedom at the expense of the stronger home-rights of their child, or children, can be held blameless in dissolving their marriage.

There is no easy way out. Our divorce law, at present, certainly does not make the child its chief concern. Has anyone among our law-givers, for instance, ever asked what grounds laid down for divorce arise out of acts that hurt children most? The one ground for divorce is adultery.

Yet, obviously, a parent may do greater harm to a child by neglect or unkindness than by an act of unfaithfulness. Desertion and drunkenness injure the child far more. It is these home-destroying acts, the result of daily indecency of living, that alone should make divorce right in a marriage where there are children.

I admit the difficulties of framing a law sufficiently practical to meet the child's needs. I do not, however, see that it should be impossible.

Let the one who seeks the divorce, the mother or the father—or better both parents, if the dissolution of the marriage is desired by both—be compelled to give answers to some such questions as the following, before relief is granted:

The reasons for which the divorce is sought.

The arrangements proposed (by one or both parents) for the after-care of the child or children.



Mr. Justice Horridge who assessed the value of erring wives at one farthing.

The guarantees offered that these arrangements will be honourably fulfilled.

Proofs to be given that the continuance of the marriage would be harmful to the welfare of the children.

A further important duty would be the appointment of a permanent guardian, who should be of the same sex as the parent who is to lose control. And in the interest of the child, the restriction must be enforced that the right of visitation is not granted to the parent who loses control. Such visits, even in the happiest circumstances, cause intolerable emotional disturbance.

## A sad picture

I think of a tender child I know, who, after a court-ordered visit to her divorced mother, was found by her step-parent, kneeling before the portrait of her father and her own mother, sobbing out the pitiful complaint, "Oh, daddy, why did you send my mummy away?" This child was eleven.

It will be objected, perhaps, that such wise and practical arrangements would limit the liberty of the parents. I acknowledge this, and I think such limitation is right. I do not believe in the kind of liberty that makes it easy for any father or any mother to do wrong to the child that they have brought into the world.

## Roads to Nowhere

by C. G. L. DU CANN

**No need for lads and girls to be unemployed if available work is better organised**

FEW things in life can be more tragic than the child who cannot find employment on leaving school. This is the lot of some 35,880 boys and 4,480 girls in this country.

One does not hear much about this problem, though a great deal is heard about unemployment generally. This is because politicians can gain nothing out of it. Workless youngsters have no votes, and they cannot organise themselves into a political menace.

The whole trouble simply one of lack of organisation and readjustment. There are the employers; there are the jobs. But it is nobody's business to guide the right youngster to the right job.

It is time that the juvenile unemployment exchanges were turned into juvenile employment and advisory bureaux, and were made to do the manly work of fitting children into jobs, instead of the babyish work of "registering" them as unemployed.

MUCH bureaux should prepare and record information of vacancies; advise and assist parents and children with regard to openings, continued education, and the like; notify the Ministry of Labour of overplus jobs, and overplus children in the locality, so that the necessary adjustments could be made.

A lot of employment is going begging in this world; this employment wants organising by the bureau. Let me give examples. In one street (say) are five housewives, none of whom can afford a

full-time domestic servant, but each "could do with" or "would be glad of" an hour's help each day.

Or similarly three or four small tradesmen have not enough work for a full-time youth, but each would be glad of his services for a couple of hours or so.

If these opportunities were organised, boys and girls could go out like district-messengers from the bureau until permanent jobs were found for them.

It is time, too, that school-leaving children were taught before quitting school a little about the world of livelihood. A "school-leaving class" for three months might give the guidance so sadly lacking, and prevent the young from being exploited by the wrong sort of employer.

THE Ministry of Labour ought to organise a residential land colony for juveniles on the lines of the Hollesley Bay Labour Colony, and should bring opportunities of congenial employment to the notice of those suitable for them.

In addition to the schemes already set out, I suggest that the aid of City companies should be enlisted in establishing trade schools; the wage-earning of children attending school should be made illegal; juvenile working-hours should be limited, and the school-leaving age raised.

Children should also be trained in two occupations, so that they may have an alternative to fall back upon later in life in times of stress.

The Ministry should institute an enquiry into the subject, and some of its officers should undertake research work abroad.

Let the Minister of Labour take some interest in this problem. The unemployed children of to-day are the "unemployables" and criminals of to-morrow.



Mr. C. G. L. Du Cann

## Let's Kill Something!

by Professor CHAS. RICHET,

Author of "Idiot Man."

**Birds and animals are being destroyed in thousands each year by man, "the lord of Creation"**

AMONG all men, delight in destruction and brutal fury against innocent, harmless creatures are found in varying degrees.

In some countries a troop of hungry hounds is set on a stag, that swift and graceful animal once the pride of our forests. Beautifully dressed ladies and red-coated gentlemen lead the chase.

How pleased they are when the wretched creature—exhausted by his frenzied flight, and trembling with anguish—is seized by the fierce pack and torn to pieces. And it is a signal honour to be able, without risk, to give him the coup de grâce!

In other places men shoot pigeons, those tender creatures whose instincts are so deep and mysterious. They fall a prey to sportsmen—or assassins—and a few hundred yards from the traps, dozens of the poor birds, bleeding and disfigured, pay, with cruel suffering, for the glory of being chosen as man's target.

In many country places the villagers, old men, women and children, wage furious war against small birds—warblers, greenfinches, wrens and nightingales.

CHILDREN throw stones at their nests, and climb trees to destroy them. Villagers lay traps for them. In certain countries cruelty is pushed so far as to put out the eyes of a captive bird in order that he may sing at the top of his voice and decoy his brethren into the snare.

So we may anticipate that man will soon have succeeded in exterminating most of the lovely living forms which now beautify the earth.

The future which man is thus preparing will not be very attractive or agreeable. We shall have no animals left but the domestic species: cats, dogs, horses, donkeys, cows, sheep, goats, pigs, hens,

swans, guinea-fowls, ducks, geese and turkeys.

Perhaps a few partridges, rabbits, deer and hares may be allowed to survive for the fun of shooting them.

To whatever point of the globe man reaches, he sets out to destroy living things with dogged fury. It matters nothing to him that the animal is beautiful, graceful and gentle. It is living! Let us kill it! And he kills.

Apparently, each human individual deems it to be his duty to exterminate a few more animals—senseless and cruel though it be. Is he not the lord of Creation? And is it not an attribute of royalty to show us strength, and to impose its law and order?

If man really wished to justify his sovereignty he should attack only those creatures that do him harm.

ABOVE all he should wage determined warfare against treacherous insects, such as flies and mosquitoes, which are germ carriers; against the microbial parasites which blight the lives of animals and vegetables. But just try talking about microbes to a sportsman. He will laugh in your face!

There is glory and profit in killing a whale, an elephant, an ostrich, or even a partridge or a lark. This is much finer than preventing the multiplication of millions of infectious microbes!

I am firmly convinced that human fury, once let loose, cannot be curbed. Fierce and brutish, hounded on by the lust of destruction, the human race will make a desert round itself. Certainly man will ultimately rule; but it will be an inglorious reign over a world despoiled of all beauty, where fields of beet, cabbage patches, pig-sties and poultry-yards will be the only ornaments.

\* Translated by Nora Forjoke and Lloyd Horsey.

# Candid Communications

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,  
10, Downing Street, S.W.

MY DEAR PREMIER,—I have repeatedly endeavoured to impress upon you and other Ministers the urgent necessity for calling a truce to the unfortunate disputes between capital and labour which are sapping the energy of the nation at a time when all parties and classes should be united in a shoulder-to-shoulder effort to restore industrial peace and prosperity. I am gratified to find that you have at last realised that this is a matter of life or death. If you will convene a conference of all concerned to devise means of co-operation for the common weal in a frank and friendly spirit you may make your period of office the most memorable of the century. Go to the task with heart of courage and earn the blessing of the people.

JOHN BULL.

To Major the Rt. Hon. G. C. TRYON, M.P.,  
Minister of Pensions.

SIR,—In view of the enormous strides which have been made recently in the knowledge of osteopathy, or "bloodless surgery," and the growing recognition of its value in the treatment of deformities due to injuries which are received daily by miners and others, I suggest that you might with advantage establish courses of instruction in the subject under the supervision of your Ministry. There are many retired non-commissioned officers and men of the R.A.M.C. and the like who would gladly avail themselves of such classes, and who would be able, after training, to render incalculable services to suffering humanity.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD BUCKMASTER, P.C.,  
1, Porchester Terrace, London, W.

MY LORD,—Accept my earnest good wishes for the success of your forthcoming Divorce Bill. It is monstrous that men and women married to lunatics, criminals and habitual drunkards should have no hope of release. On grounds of morality alone, to say nothing of freedom and humanity, it is to be hoped that your measure will win the assent of Parliament.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER, M.P.,  
President, Board of Trade.

SIR,—It is nearly three years since the International Shipping Conference placed the last of its reports in the hands of His Majesty's Government, and so far the result is nil. Slowness of action on the part of Government departments is no new phenomenon, but where lives of men are at stake it is little less than criminal. Ships put out to sea without proper life-saving apparatus, the safety of ships and men is hazarded by lax regulations in regard to deck cargoes and load lines, and wireless telegraphy is not used as it should be. Foreign Governments are waiting for Great Britain to give a lead in these things. I shall look to you to give immediate consideration to the matter.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir RONALD ROSS, K.C.B., M.D.,  
Buckingham Palace Mansions.

DEAR SIR,—You have all my sympathy in pleading for a larger outlay of public money in the interest of medical research. But I am afraid you do your cause left-handed service by holding out hopes that, if medical research is sufficiently supported, the average person may soon expect to live 150 years. Considering the overcrowding and unemployment that already exist, what do you think would be the state of things under the conditions you suggest? If you and your scientific brethren can ensure us freedom from disease and pain for the normal span of human life, we shall have reason to be quite content.

JOHN BULL.

To Commander LOCKER-LAMPSON, M.P.,  
Under-Secretary for Home Affairs.

SIR,—Your assertion that the present Workmen's Compensation Act is "working well" betrays a lamentable ignorance of present-day industrial conditions. I wish you would call for a return of the number of accidents in respect of which, owing to legal technicalities, no compensation whatever is paid. The result would surprise you.

JOHN BULL.

## Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Rt. Rev. RANDALL DAVIDSON, D.D.,  
Archbishop of Canterbury.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,—I wish you could teach a little common-sense to those of your clergy who are for ever girding at Sunday amusements and deploring the decline of church attendance. Close every public-house and cinema theatre, and you will not fill the empty pews, unless the Church has a living message for the people. Tell your clergy to take their tongues out of their cheeks and fearlessly adapt the ancient truths to modern needs.

JOHN BULL.

To HARRISON BARROW, Esq.,  
Birmingham City Council.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to echo your protest against the niggardly action of the Birmingham Education Committee in cutting out the municipal "play-centres," which had begun to be such a boon to the child life of the city. If this "economy" you are thoroughly justified in saying that you will have nothing to do with it. Stick to your guns.

JOHN BULL.

To Maj.-Gen. Sir CHARLES SACKVILLE-WEST,  
Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey.

SIR,—I hope that on taking over your new appointment you will endeavour to impress upon the recalcitrant Normans who live in happy tax-free seclusion in the Channel Islands the duty of contributing in fairer measure to the expenses of the Services to which they owe their security. That people who boastfully claim to have conquered England, and affect to be more royalist than the King, should have so long resisted every effort to induce them to bear their proper share of the burdens imposed by the war greatly to their discredit.

JOHN BULL.

To the LORD BISHOP OF LONDON,  
Fulham Palace.

DEAR BISHOP,—You consider that "it would now be considered almost comic to hear a sermon about hell." But why? There is always a hell to be saved from. Without poaching on your preserves, I may point out that to-day such are the evils of our modern civilisation, particularly in our overcrowded and fetid slums, that they can justly be described as "hell" for those who perforce live in them. Hell changes with the age; when the Church has grasped that fact it can continue to thunder, and I, for one, shall not feel inclined to laugh.

JOHN BULL.

## Straight from the Shoulder

MR. THOMAS MORTON:—"Scotsmen have a mellowing, sweetening effect on Parliament."  
All noise, and no damage; like a thunderstorm without lightning.

MR. A. J. COOK (Secretary, Miners' Federation):—"I shall stand my corner."  
But are you sure your corner will stand you?

MR. KELLOGG:—"Europe is improving."  
And the sign is the new armaments race, we presume.

COUNCILLOR MRS. SMITH, J.P.:—"Steel houses will be a blot upon Brighton."  
Rubbish. The houseless condition of the homeless is the blot.

SIR FRED SYKES, M.P.:—"The whole future aerial development depends upon research."  
And the future of terrestrial safety upon common sense.

MR. HENRY HIGGS, C.B.:—"In finance... man can save his brother's soul."  
But he may find it fatally easy to lose his own.



The Food Commission has adjourned to draft its first interim report.

Without Fear or Favour

# THE BAD CHINESE PENNY

## Clean Food

**A**LREADY there are squeals of pain from unscrupulous traders who see that the Government's proposed Pure Food Bill spells their doom. Once the use of poisonous preservatives is forbidden there will be an end to their murderous trade.

Artful to the last, they are now sedulously propagating the falsehood that the new law will mean dearer food. As though anything could possibly be dearer than to buy food impregnated with the germs of disease and death.

Wails and warnings must be alike ignored. Food poisoners deserve no mercy, and we look to the Government to see that they get none. Even if pure food did mean dearer food—which it ought not to do—the apparent loss would in reality be an immense gain.

But the elimination of poisons from food—about which we shall have something further to say in the near future—is only the beginning of the matter.

As well as pure food we must have clean food. In England this side of the question has scarcely begun to receive attention. They do things better in America. The food eaten by Uncle Sam is not exposed to a disease-laden atmosphere or mauled by dirty hands. In every possible way it is protected from contamination. Bread is wrapped, as it should be, in oil-paper sheaths; milk is "pasteurised," to free it from germs, and delivered in sealed bottles; meat for sale is covered with muslin and handled only with gloves.

All uncovered food is safeguarded from contamination. America takes no risks with dirt.

All these things can be done in England. A little simple legislation is all that is needed. There will be fresh howls of pain from the dirt-purveyors; but from the public at large a grateful sigh of relief.

## Race Suicide

**T**HE falling birth-rate has broken all records; and, of course, the Jeremiahs are in full cry, predicting the collapse of the British Empire. Incidentally, the "immoral" practice of birth-control comes in for scathing censure. Our days as a first-class Power, it is said, are numbered; and we are committing race-suicide! If we are in danger of race-extinction it is not because of birth-control. The Jeremiahs are making the common mistake of putting the cart before the horse. Birth-control is an effect; not a cause. It is an outcome of the potent fact that our economic machinery has broken down.

In plain terms, people are not going to bring babies into the world unless they can see a fair prospect of giving them a decent upbringing. Such prudence is entirely praiseworthy. With more than a million unemployed it is madness to make more mouths to feed. The true authors of race-suicide are those who block the path of economic restoration and social reform.

## Deported Aliens' Artful Methods

**O**UR deportation laws are farcical and ineffective. This is likely to continue to be the case until all countries join in reciprocal efforts to deal with undesirables

**R**EADERS of JOHN BULL do not need to be reminded that we have all along insisted that the laws in regard to deportation of undesirables are a farce, so far as their administration is concerned. Official confirmation of our contention was provided when the Liverpool bench was asked the other day to make a new order for the deportation of two Chinamen who had already been deported and made their way back within a few weeks through some unknown port.

In support of the police case it was stated that the authorities had reason to believe that these men were only two of hundreds of their race who had re-entered the country again and again, after being expelled as undesirables, and a serious view was taken of the matter in official quarters.

No doubt a serious view is taken; but something more than that is necessary if the laws against the criminal from abroad are not to be reduced to a costly absurdity owing to the necessity for maintaining a special staff of officers to secure the deportation again and again of rascals who ought to be put out and kept out if the machinery for handling them was as efficient as we have been told it was.



The Rt. Hon. Sir Wm. Joynson-Hicks, M.P.,  
Home Secretary

**T**HE mystery of how these Chinamen slip back here is nothing like the mystery it seems to be to the police. One of the commonest avenues of entry is as a member of the crew of a British ship, and it is notorious that the Chinese at the ports abroad traffic in papers of ships' crews. Havre is a port where this traffic goes on openly, and it is quite possible for the celestial wanting to reach England again after deportation to acquire the papers of a countryman who is at the time employed in some capacity on a ship calling at British ports. After that the Chinaman simply waits his chance of going ashore, and is soon lost in the Oriental underworld that is found in most of our great ports.

Apart from that, there is the clearest possible evidence available for any one who cares to seek it that it is the easiest thing in the world to bribe the crews of French fishing-vessels in the Channel to land one on quiet spots along the English coast under cover of darkness, and once a Chinaman so landed reaches the shelter freely provided for them by their countrymen the odds are all against the police detecting him. What is needed at the moment is stricter supervision of the Chinese crews on ships calling at British ports.

Indeed, to forbid the employment of such crews on British ships altogether would simplify the problem of the police, without doing any grave injury to British shipping interests, and would also be welcomed by British seamen.

**A**NOTHER aspect of the matter is the need for forcing foreign countries to acknowledge their own nationals when it is found necessary to deport them.

At the present time there are many hundreds of "deported" criminals from all parts of the world who are regular customers of the magistrates making deportation orders, and who are able to carry on their careers of crime in defiance of the police, simply because the countries of their origin refuse to accept them as citizens.

France, the United States, and Russia have launched a campaign against all criminal aliens in their territories, and they are returning to this country all who claim British citizenship.

We cannot reasonably object to that, but this is a case where reciprocity is called for, and it is desirable that the authorities here should take the matter up to the extent of calling on these countries to come to terms regarding mutual exchange of undesirables and to come to terms regarding mutual exchange of these suspended deportees in their respective countries.

## This Freedom!

**T**HE night club evil, against which JOHN BULL has waged relentless war, is undoubtedly on the wane. The Government's proposed legislation should, if wisely drafted and energetically enforced, complete the discomfiture of the parasites who batten on other people's follies and vices.

At the same time, the question remains: "Are night clubs an effect or a cause?" Silly laws are the parents of foolish crimes. The killjoys and mugwumps who would restrict and abolish even the most harmless pleasures, who would like if they could to close the music-halls and picture houses, and to place every hotel and restaurant on the same black list as the night clubs, must be held guilty of fomenting far graver moral evils.

The truth is that we are still suffering from the irritating restrictions and senseless prohibitions which are a legacy of the abnormal war period. Then a doubtful necessity, they are now a positive nuisance.

It is natural and proper that people should want to buy chocolates and other simple luxuries after eight in the evening; and it is certainly not unnatural that the plain man should feel bewildered by a law which, after a certain hour at night, permits him to buy a glass of beer in one street, but slams the door nearer home.

"This freedom," for which we waged the war, is still swathed in red-tape. Small wonder that people fly to night clubs in search of an outlet for natural joyousness and high spirits. They would be far less prone to foolish excesses if they were not prevented by pettifogging restrictions from enjoying themselves in a healthy way.

Let the Government send the remains of Dora to the Whitehall pigeon-holes and restore real individual liberty.

## Tinsel Values

**T**HE South African Minister of Mines complains that the world's biggest diamond syndicate has been profiteering. Be this as it may, the doings of the diamond merchants are of small interest to the ordinary run of people; but it is a strange commentary on modern civilisation that otherwise rational human beings should place such an exaggerated value on these gaudy specks of carbon, which, except as personal ornaments, have no intrinsic worth.

The mischief is that this artificial standard of value is increasing its hold right down the social scale. The whims of the rich make the law for the masses, and waste becomes a settled habit which is hard to break. The State is among the chief offenders. The country's money is spent on costly armaments, on the pomp and panoply of power, on the gew-gaws of national existence, while every pound spent on education and social reform, the things which add real value to human existence, is begrudged. The South African Minister of Mines has put his finger on one of life's leading ironies.



Viscount Grey considers a new treaty with France will lead to a new war.

# Shadows of Hate

**CONFIDENCE** will only be restored by mutual goodwill between all nations. War is the breeder of suspicion, and defers real peace. The world is perishing of fear

MARCH 14, 1925

by  
**A. G.  
GARDINER**

**W**E are on the brink of momentous things. This country is at the cross-roads, hesitating, doubtful, torn with conflicting views of which is the right way and the wrong. "Stick to France and France only," says one. "Bring France and Germany together and stand 'by both,'" says another. "Fight for the League of Nations," says a third. "Have nothing to do with Europe at all," says a fourth, "but fix your eyes on the distant places of the earth."

And while the babel goes on and we wait for a clear lead out of the wilderness, the gloom is unrelieved. The balance of trade is going steadily against us, more than a million workers are still in receipt of unemployed relief, the cost of living mounts higher, cotton is stagnant, iron and steel are stagnant, coal is stagnant, shipbuilding is stagnant.

And yet we know that the Promised Land can be reached if we only strike the right path. Let the world get "together again," let good will and mutual confidence be restored and there is work for all and prosperity for all. None of us want to go on floundering in the morass left by the war if only we know where we can strike dry land and get a secure foothold.

## Chronic condition of war.

Why are we still in the morass? It is because the shadow of fear that hangs over Europe keeps the nations, like wasps caught in a bottle, trampling each other to death. The war has not banished fear. It has intensified it. It has not brought peace. It has brought a chronic condition of war that suffocates all hope of peace.

Germany, bankrupt from the war, is held in a vice which is turning all her thoughts to the recovery of freedom by force. France is bankrupting herself in order to build up a gigantic military supremacy that will make her mistress of Europe and so free her from the fear of Germany. We, without a visible enemy in the world, are spending on armaments twice what we spent before the war in the vague fear of we know not whom.

And all the little countries around, watching the wrestle of the mighty heavyweights and fearful what will happen to them when the catastrophe comes, are arming and insuring themselves this way and that in the hope that in the day of reckoning they will be on the winning side. Fear everywhere. The world is perishing of fear.

And the core of this universal fear is in two great peoples. For centuries the Rhine has been the battle line of Europe, and Teuton and Gaul have, with breathing spaces, been engaged throughout in a death grapple.

## Struggle for supremacy

For centuries the French had the whip-hand and trampled on Germany. Last century Germany got the whip-hand and trampled on France. This century France has recovered the mastery and tramples on Germany. Before this century is out the scales may be reversed and Germany back in France.

Is this senseless struggle to go on for ever?

Are the affairs of the world to be eternally be-devilled by a quarrel in which it has no real part except that of suffering as we have suffered, and paying as we are paying? When we see two dogs in the street leaping at each other's throats we don't take sides and egg one on against the other. We take a whip to both and separate them. We do not permit them to destroy our peace and our happiness.

But we cannot deal in this simple way with these snarling nations. We must find another and a better way. We must drive fear out of their hearts. Until that is done there will be no peace in Europe or in the world, and no lightening of the dark sky that hangs over our own future.

## A vital peace

For the idea that we can disinterest ourselves in Europe, which the naive Lord Beaverbrook preaches so innocently in his papers, is merely silly. We could not do it in the past and only a child can suppose that we can do it now when the aeroplane, the submarine, poison gas, the long-range gun and all the developments of modern science and modern life have made us such an integral part of the Continent that the Channel hardly counts.

Moreover, even if we could do so, the peace of Europe is so vital a need of world trade recovery that until we have that peace our world trade will progressively decline.

No, we are in Europe for better or worse and cannot escape from European conditions. What follows? How can we influence those conditions so that peace is restored and the shadow of depression passes from us? Hitch ourselves to the French chariot wheels again, say some. But we have tried that, and we are left with a million dead, the debts of France as well as our own to pay, our trade paralysed and the Continent more warlike than ever.

*If you have tears, prepare to shed them now!*

**T**HE appearance in the *Times* of a letter pleading that millionaires are useful things because they "provide employment" seems to suggest that there are strange exceptions to the rule that the level of general intelligence is higher than it was in the Ape Age. The writer in the *Times* would appear to be a relic of that unenlightened period before our ancestors developed anything with which to think. The quaint idea which he has dug up is that if a millionaire employs an army of maids, cooks, butlers, grooms, footmen, coachmen, chauffeurs, and gamekeepers, in the proportion of some thirty or forty flunkies to one Superior Being, then the community derives great advantage from the vast wealth which enables him to do it. That is to say, in plain effect, that if a million men owned the whole of the national wealth, and if the other forty millions were solely employed in dancing attendance on that magnificent minority, everything would be for the best in this best of all possible "commonwealths"!

This Oxford relic of prehistoric wisdom, therefore, argues that the death duties charged on a millionaire's estate "must result in shackled enterprise and further curtailment of employment;" and that is why the man with a properly constituted economic soul, when he sees death duties running into six figures, pays the tribute of a

A treaty with France means, as Lord Grey has said, that Germany and Russia will be driven into alliance, and that a new balance of power will lead to a new war. That is not a way out of the morass of fears in which Europe is sunk. That is the way deeper into the morass.

There is, as I see it, only one road for the country to travel with hope. It is to play the part of peacemaker between the quarrelling factions. I am for neither of those factions against the other. I would not have this country a tool of French ambitions or German revenge. "A plague on both your houses," say I.

The policy of this country is to rebuild Europe and to remove the one obstacle to the achievement of that end by reconciling Germany and France and so banishing the shadow of fear under which we are all traversing the road to ruin together. There is no security for France or any body else in preparing for a new war. The only basis of security is the removal of the fear that possesses both sides.

Let us make it clear that we stand for a pact not with France or Germany, but with France and Germany—a pact under the sanctions and guarantees of the League of Nations, a pact which Fascist Italy and Soviet Russia may enter when they are ready.

Let the sponge be passed over the slate. We have all sinned. France has much to forgive. Germany has much to forgive. Don't let them haggle over who is the greater sinner.

## The heart of the curse

Franco-German strife has been the curse of Europe too long. The one service we can perform to both is to dissolve the mutual fear that lies at the heart of the curse. And in doing that we shall lift the cloud from our own sky and restore the only conditions on which this country can hope to see the sun that shone on us before the great tragedy blotted it out.

# PITY THE POOR MILLIONAIRES

compassionate tear—not, indeed, for the millionaire, but for the British working man.

To comfort this compassionate and tearful economist, and to dry up the generous fount of his lachrymose sensibility, I respectfully invite his consideration to the following passage from the works of the late J. A. Froude: "I suppose at the making of a single rich man, we make a thousand whose life . . . is one floodtide of misery. The charnel-houses of poverty are in the shadow of the palace, and, as one is splendid, so the other is dark, poisonous, degraded. How can a man grow rich except on the spoils of others' labour? His boasted prudence and economy, what is it but the most skillfully availing himself of their necessities, most resolutely closing up his heart against their cries to him for help?"

The nice feeling of the *Times*' correspondent who has been moved to tears by the recent subtraction of £705,000 in death duties from an estate of two millions, may, therefore, be cheered by the thought that this "confiscatory taxation of wealth" will probably avert the lifelong flow of tears from many hundreds of eyes. For it is not the case, as he quaintly imagines, that the money will be diverted from the employment of labour

MARCH 14, 1925

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# The Cigarette Woman

**THE "dreary woman with a cigarette holder" is not comparable, as parent, with the mother who lives her life in the slums, doing her utmost for her children, and making them happy**

by  
**"A GENTLEMAN  
WITH A DUSTER"**



*Dean Inge, who thinks that the wrong type of child is being brought into the world.*

Is it true, as the Dean of St. Paul's is constantly suggesting, that the wrong babies are being born in England? This is a question which searches to the very bone of all our multitudinous troubles. For, clearly, if those who ought to have babies are not having babies, and if those who ought not to have babies are having babies, we are already so near dead and done for that it is the folly of a lunatic to bother about anything else.

On the surface, it looks as if the Dean is right, and I imagine that every scholar in the land who lives with his books and seldom puts his nose out of doors is on the side of Dr. Inge, convinced that the star of England's glory is on the wane, and soon will vanish from the sky of human affairs.

For just as no stockbreeder could keep out of the bankruptcy court who bred, mainly and exhaustively, from the feeblest and most discreditable of his animals, neglecting altogether the strongest of his thoroughbreds, so no nation can hope to stand the struggle for existence if its posterity is emerging from the worst elements of its population. When the stock is wrong the end approaches.

But let us leave the academic aspect of this question to the recluse, and attempt to answer it for ourselves by going out, with our eyes wide open, into the highways and byways of our national life.

## Get out into the world

I am persuaded that if Dr. Inge, for whose intellect and courage I have the profoundest possible respect, would leave his books and go into the slums of London for a matter of two or three weeks, he would not only confess that he had greatly misjudged the moral strength and spiritual vigour of our poorest classes, but would positively rejoice in the magnificent qualities of those cheerful and heroic people.

And not only this. I am also persuaded that Dr. Inge spent two or three days in the haunts

of our rich and leisured classes, he would lift up his heart to God with joy and thanksgiving that these people are not bringing more of their useless and distressing kind into this great and difficult universe.

Let us take these rich people first, this class which has either destroyed or absorbed the true gentry of the English nation. The first thing that strikes one about them is their dreariness. They are the heaviest, the dullest, the least happy people on the face of the earth. With all the money in the world to buy everything they want, they crawl about the earth like bluebottles in winter time, and whether they be eating or drinking, dancing or card-playing, walking or driving, their faces wear always that same monotonous expression, one that is absolutely and most tragically devoid of every mark of happiness.

## The unhappy rich

Notable is it, too, that they pass this deadness of soul on to their unfortunate children. Let anyone stand in the streets of Eton and watch the boys going from house to house, or from school to playing field, and say whether they strike him as members of a proud and conquering race, or even as normally happy children. How listlessly they move, how vacant is their stare, how oppressively they seem to feel that burden of human existence—these young princes of fortune for whom everything is made easy and comfortable, and for whom the future has no menace of any kind, but rather more and more blessings.

Now remind yourself of a train crowded with slum children who are going to spend, not six weeks in surroundings that are like Arcady, but a day, one brief day, at Clacton or Southend. Every window of the train is lively with excited faces, and the whole station rings with the music of voices as happy as the song of birds. If there is a cripple among those children, he is as hilarious as the rest, and an object of sympathy and befriending care

to all the rest. There is an edge on these children's appetite for life, and they are not only perfectly prepared to take the rough with the smooth, but they even like the rough, for it gives them a sense of something to overcome.

## Rough—but kind—mothers

If vigour of soul is essential to national strength, and if, without heartiness and high animal spirits, no nation can hope to survive the vicissitudes of political fortune, then, surely, we should thank God for these glorious children of the slums. Those mothers, surely to goodness, toiling at the washtub, cooking at the tiny kitchen-range, are of infinitely more value to England, and to God, than the dreary woman with a cigarette-holder between the fingers of her right hand and a hand of cards in the fingers of her left.

What does it matter, so far as evolution is concerned, if the mothers of the slums drop their aitches, cannot read French novels, and are many times in the day a bit rough in their manners? What does it matter? In their hearts is nature's instinct of love, and self-sacrifice to them is not a hardship or a penalty, but the supreme happiness of their motherhood.

Ask any gentleman of the true breed who was in France with the British Army whether he ever came across troops more cheerful, more valiant, and more friendly, than those who came from the slums of our great cities. I have talked to scores of officers and never once have I heard any other opinion of such men than the glowing tribute that they are the finest creatures God ever made.

These are the men who save us, and who alone hand down into their times of depression and grave difficulty the tradition of Elizabethan gaiety. Go among the costermongers at Covent Garden, the most striking examples we can show of self-reliant individualism, go among those small capitalists who work harder and longer hours than any other men in our midst, and you will find that if their hearts are rough they are kind, and that if their minds are untutored they are uncommonly sharp and self-supporting.

## True spirit will continue

I lament as earnestly as the Dean of St. Paul's that the old gentry of England are no longer filling their cradles with children who are likely to grow up in the traditions of Lord Shaftesbury and Florence Nightingale; but I have not the smallest doubt that the true spirit of England will continue to function in the world so long as the mothers of the slums are the mothers of her future.

Also, I lament that so many of these slum children should grow up to be cynical men and careless women, foul-mouthed, lazy, incompetent, and with no living sense of their duty to the State and to their children.

Let us get rid of selfishness and despair, let us recapture our fathers' solemn sense of a great duty in human life, let us be as we were in the war, a nation of one mind, and almost a brotherhood, and then this mood of the workers will pass, and their true character reveal itself at every point of the national life.

# MILLIONAIRE

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON  
(“Dangle”)

“wasteful” expenditure by the State, but will be applied to the reduction of other taxes which, by handicapping our manufactures and trade, tend to throw men out of work. The broad general effect of such “conscription of wealth” is, in short, to take men from the useless task of setting diamonds to the more useful one of making bricks.

There is a spiritual result to “these tremendous regulations” as well as the practical and material effect. The chief present cause of popular discontent is the awful gap between poverty and riches. The maimed ex-Service man selling matches by the kerb in Piccadilly sees the fashionable tide of idle folly and profligacy flowing past him in seemingly boundless flood; the unemployed workman reads of huge fortunes like that whose taxation has inspired the *Times* correspondent's plaint; and these are led, not naturally, to leap to the delusive conclusion that there are vast reservoirs of liquid wealth in the country.

This illusion makes more Bolsheviks than all Novieff's propaganda. As the Bishop of Birmingham lately said, “It is useless to ask a worker to work harder while the streets and papers are full of the extravagances of the war profiteers.”

The bloated fortunes of the *Times* correspondent's piteously persecuted clients make the most mischievous menace of this troubled time.

The masses read the serial succession of spicy scandals about “Mr. H.” and “General Y.” till they come to believe that the predominant function of their Nobility (with a capital “N”) and Society (with a capitalistic “S”) is the provision of business for the divorce court and of attractive features for the public.

I have had dealings with earnest aristocrats and plutocrats in connection with social and philanthropic causes, and know that they do not all devote their time and brains and energies exclusively to pigeon-shooting, fox-hunting, bridge, baccarat, and adultery. But can one wonder that the working mass get the idea that high life, like high game, is mostly putrid?

I regard the antique (and antic) correspondent of the *Times* with the deep respect that ancient things always command in nice people. But ideas have so completely changed since the time of our brainless ape ancestors that I really would recommend him the serene darkness and privacy of Tutankhamen's tomb as much better suited to his evolutionary stage than is the blaze of modern electricity, and what has been called the coarse contact of the popular voice.

# Astounding Divorce Scandal

## DESERTED IN AN ALIEN LAND

**M**AY Rawlings, the daughter of a commercial traveller, who had not been sufficiently fortunate as to have a college education, was introduced some years ago to a clever young foreigner staying in London. He had had a splendid education, spoke eight languages fluently, and was the son of a great and distinguished gentleman. Gustavo Oscar Navarrete was his name. His father was M. Gustavo Navarrete, then occupying the high and dignified position of Cuban Consul in London. The son was employed at the Cuban Legation.

### Unequal Marriage

Young Navarrete wooed May Rawlings, asking her to marry him. On December 4, 1915, at the Lambeth Register Office, the marriage was solemnised. For a brief spell she was happy. Then, when a child was to be born, she began to realise that a life of misery confronted her.

Gustavo Navarrete, senior, was displeased at his son's alliance with this girl of humble parentage. A few months after the child was born, the husband decided to go abroad. His wife was left behind to wait and wonder. Through a relative, however, he used to send her money to keep her and the child, and to pay the rent of her apartments. She wrote to him through this relative-intermediary begging for news, praying that he would write to her for the sake of the child.

Eventually the payments ceased. Her letters still brought no tidings of the man for whom she had given up everything. She haunted the Cuban Consulate and the Cuban Legation. She had been unable to obtain news from her father-in-law because he had retired and gone back to Cuba. But both Consulate and Legation were unable to help her other than by promising to look into the matter.

Time dragged on. She went to the Foreign Office, wrote to the British Consul in Habana, and pleaded with various societies to assist her. Practically starving, she and her child were reduced to living on relief from the Lambeth Board of Guardians. The

Foreign Office wrote to Cuba, but after delays that seemed interminable, she was told that they were unable to give her any news as to her husband's whereabouts.

One day a friend of her father (long since deceased), who had known her from childhood, heard her story, and took up her case. He went to the Cuban Consulate, the Cuban Legation, and the Foreign Office, leaving no stone unturned but could get no reliable news.

Last year, through the kindness of this friend, funds were obtained for her to go to Cuba, so that she might there pursue the inquiries she was making about the man who had deserted her. Alone, with only just enough money to pay her passage, she made the journey. After a long and weary vigil she found her husband who was displeased at seeing her. Although his savage demeanour was enough to drive her to do some frenzied thing, she stifled her inner feelings and sought to discover from him the truth.

### The Truth

Little did she know what her perilous journey held in store for her. Brutally she was told, what she demanded to know—the truth.

*She had been divorced!*

No longer was she his lawful wife, nor had she been so for some time! Her husband, too, had been given the custody of their child.

The proper steps, according to the Cuban Law, had been taken. Navarrete, the son of a famous, wealthy, and influential father, had filed a petition to the effect that his English wife could no longer be regarded as such and, with extraordinary rapidity, the divorce had gone through.

The girl protested that it was all wrong—that it was an outrageous thing that any woman could be divorced in this fashion, and without ever being told that divorce proceedings were contemplated!

But Navarrete had a perfect answer. He had done all that was required of him. He had inserted advertisements in Cuban papers giving his wife time to attend the Court, and because she had

not given such notice in writing, but had ignored the published warnings she had never seen, the divorce had been granted.

At the present time there is no Cuban Ambassador in London, because General C. Garcia-Velez, the late Ambassador, who probably knows a great deal about the inner history of this tragic and scandalous story, recently resigned.

So far his successor has not arrived in London to take up office. But our Special Commissioner last week saw the official representative of the Cuban Consulate and laid *ex* Cuban Ambassador before him the facts.

He regretted that he had no information to give concerning the details of this case, but stated that so long as Navarrete warned his wife in the Cuban papers—which he admitted she would almost certainly never see—he was afraid there was nothing the poor woman could do, as the divorce was quite in order!

We should have thought it was the business of the Cuban Legation in this country to be made aware of the facts of any such divorce proceedings as these, and to have been compelled to acquaint the poor English girl of their existence, and to afford her every opportunity of contesting them.

Completely disillusioned, Mrs. Navarrete journeyed back to London.

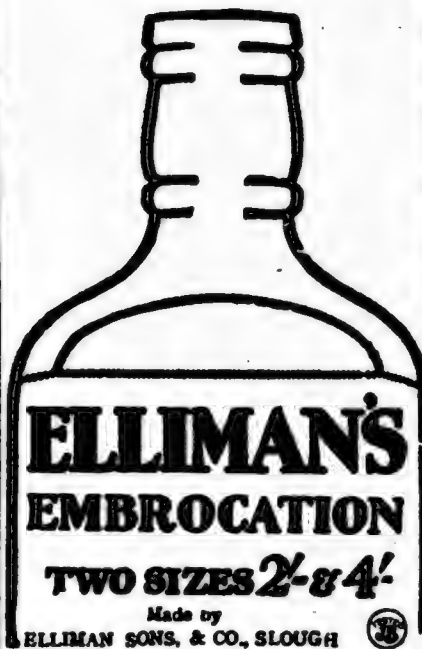
To-day the woman, who is staying with friends in Helix Road, Brixton, is ill with worry, entirely penniless, and her little boy is staying with one of his father's relatives.

It is a sad story. And we certainly think that the new Cuban Ambassador to London should, immediately on his arrival, look into this tragic case to see if he cannot do anything to keep this suffering woman.



General C. Garcia-Velez  
former Cuban Ambassador

*Aye*  
**THERE'S**  
*the RUB!*  
**for ACHES & PAINS**



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## Down-and-Out Doctors

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

**I**T comes as a shock to the lay mind to hear that in England there are homeless qualified doctors. But it is not all Harley Street in the medical profession. One gets rather too accustomed to associate all doctors with fat fees. What about the others who are too poor to buy a start or practice too broken down to afford decent clothes?

I have met a number of these out-of-work doctors. They represent a type of sturdy manhood, keen, acute and conscious of bitter disappointment. They are the men and women who joined the ranks of the medical profession when it looked as if there was going to be a world shortage. A call for fresh recruits was sounded by the Press, and there was an immediate response. Soon the medical colleges were turning out twice and three times their usual number of students.

### A Tragic Situation

The war swallowed up a large number of them. Then when the war was over the Ministry of Pensions found work for a large number. In the meantime, however, the situation was changing. The medical "transfer" or unemployment agencies began to receive applications from an increasing number of doctors, and soon found it impossible to find work for them all. To-day the situation is worse

than ever. Both the Army and the Ministry of Pensions are dismissing doctors who are helping to swell an already full country of unemployed.

Many conflicting reasons for this state of affairs are given. There are some who maintain that it is merely a natural order of things, a phase that will pass; others say that modern conditions have enabled doctors to undertake more work than they could in the past.

### Woman Doctor's Sobs

Many panel doctors are greedily exceeding their quota of patients allowed by the Health Insurance Committee, thereby taking more work than they can possibly do with any degree of efficiency, and thus robbing the unemployed doctors of possible work.

Some of the facts I discussed on the scene are scarcely credible. There is one doctor, for instance, who is opening up surgeries all over the country and employing out-of-work women assistants at a salary which would not attract a domestic servant. This particular case may be regarded as a flagrant breach of decency, and is about to receive the attention of the medical authorities.

This problem of the qualified woman doctor is simply heartbreaking. I've worn myself out looking for work for the

past three weeks," one told me. "I spent every farthing I had to pass my examinations. I worked like a Trojan—hardly had an hour of leisure. They told me it would be worth it, and that in the long run I should receive my deserts. This," she added bitterly, "is what they meant"—showing me her shoes. "Tramping about the country."

### Still They Come

Much has been written about the "human documents" found on the embankment; but surely it is something new to find fully qualified doctors reinforcing this unhappy army.

"I came down to a few shillings," another young man told me. "For some time I was able to afford a few pence a night for a bed in a doss-house. Then my money gave out and I slept on the Embankment. I applied for scores of job until I had no money left for the postage stamps."

The condition are not going to improve. The rosier estimate given me is that the crisis will last for another five years. And yet at the last examinations held recently over two hundred more candidates passed their examinations to become qualified doctors. What is going to become of them?



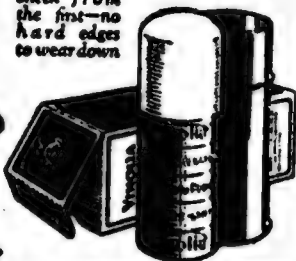
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## BUXTON KEY-TAINER

THE recent case of a baby having died after vaccination, a baby which was not the infant intended, and upon which the doctor operated in spite of all the mother could do or say in protest, brings to the front the whole question of the vaccination laws in this country. Unfortunately, little is said of the growing agitation against them. The newspapers are mostly silent. The people who are the greatest sufferers are helpless. But women, especially those who are or may become mothers, should take care to inform themselves as to what exactly vaccination is, and why it is made compulsory by law.

Vaccination is a relic of the days when people knew little or nothing of the proper method of keeping themselves, their houses, or their towns and cities clean. It began when sanitation and hygiene, if practised at all, was completely a go-as-you-please affair. Moreover, it was introduced by medical men who had not yet discovered the use of antiseptics as we know them, and when the science of medicine was entirely different from that of the present day.

VACCINATION professes to make persons immune from certain loathsome diseases by injecting into their blood a virus which will give them a "slight" attack of the thing it is intended to prevent. This appears about as sane as the attempt of the ancients to cure dogbite by giving the sufferer a hair of the dog that bit him. We know that in the interests of the public vicious animals should be destroyed. In like manner infectious diseases must be stamped out by destroying the con-

by  
**The Lady Maud Warrender**

ditions that produce them. Vaccination does not stamp out disease. Too often, instead of bringing about a mild attack of the illness it is designed to prevent, it inoculates its victims with the most cruel and leprous of complaints. The cases of children maimed, tortured, and killed by vaccination form a harrowing record. So much so is this recognised, that within the ranks of the medical profession itself numbers of the most skilled and scientific are enlisted on the side of the anti-vaccinators.



The Lady Maud Warrender.

FURTHER, the law itself has now recognised the doubt of the virtue of vaccination to the extent that it concedes a "conscience" clause. But exemption can only be obtained if the father signs a statement in the presence of a magistrate or commissioner for oaths. And even then he is not free from prosecution unless he delivers his certificate of exemption to the vaccination officer before the infant is four months old. This is a very great hardship to poor mothers. It not only penalises poor people, who often are unable to get away from work within the specific hours, but it is a grave insult to the married mother. The unmarried mother,

as the law now stands, has entire and sole control of her child; but the married mother is not deemed to have that right. Again, prejudiced magistrates often refuse to sign exemption papers. The fathers have not the opportunity to leave their work and go in search of more sympathetic hearing. Meanwhile terrible injury to the babies goes on.

BABIES are dying of syphilis, of sores, and convulsions, things of which they showed no sign until after vaccination, but no mention of vaccination appears on their death certificates. Grown people become cripples, their limbs wither, and they exhibit all the signs of leprous decay after inoculation; but if they die some high-sounding medical term is used to explain the reason of their untimely demise. The bitterest pill of all for the innocent to swallow is the fact that, owing to the signs of diseases induced by vaccination being so like those of venereal disease, either they themselves or their forbears are left under the cruel and wrongful shadow of alleged dishonour.

IF mothers understood how vaccine is procured they would not have such stuff injected into the pure arms of little babies. Literature on the subject is easily available. Medical science by now has undergone an entire revolution. Knowledge of laws that govern health has made enormous strides. Vaccination is an unworthy survivor of an ignorant past. The laws relating to it must be repealed. The day that tolls their knell will ring in a day of hope for generations of children still unborn.

## Tempter and Temptress

by DR. G. COURTENAY BEALE,

Author of "Realities of Marriage," etc.

IN the olden story Eve, the mother of all living, figures as man's temptress, the cause of his disobedience and fall. "The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she tempted me, and I did eat"—that is man's version of the case; and there is not a woman who does not explicitly repudiate or implicitly reject it. What is the truth of the matter? Hardly a week passes but brings me some poignant piece of autobiography penned by a woman, and in nearly every case the burden is to the effect, "The man tempted me, and I ate of the forbidden fruit." How adjudicate between such clashing protestations?

Let us recognise in the first place that womanhood in itself constitutes a temptation to many a man whose misfortune rather than fault it is to be more than usually susceptible to the feminine appeal. A beautiful girl may, in all innocence, cause by her mere proximity such disturbance in a man that he will need strong self-control to check wandering impulses.

THERE are, too, girls and women whose own ardent temperament leads them to provoke men. Such a case came to my knowledge the other day through the medium of a letter, whose writer frankly—albeit very penitently—confessed that in the wrong that had been done she was the prime mover. Knowing that the man did not love her, she had done all that she could to break down his restraints. Such instances are comparatively rare. Where they occur, I still say that here was a girl who was tempted, viz., by her own urgencies, her too-awakened instincts.

There was more to be said than this age likes to admit for the restrictions imposed in our grandparents' time

upon the friendly intimacies permissible between young people of opposite sexes. From the "prudishness" of Victorian times, the pendulum has to-day swung far to the opposite extreme.

Girls are tempted by loneliness, and a longing for sympathy: by that natural vanity which is gratified by a man's obvious attentions and his desire to please. In either case the fear of losing what is so much prized may lead to unwise yieldings, point by point, to the verge of disaster, or beyond. But many girls, besides being lonely, are also liable to the worst temptations from those who can bring economic pressure to bear on them.

IT is no good closing one's eyes to a state of things which confronts one on every side. Berths are more easily lost than found, and many a poor girl, with the terror of unemployment before her, submits to the odious importunities of some wretch who has it in his power to take her livelihood from her.

I knew a firm which, to its honour, kept on a certain foreman long after he had passed his zenith of efficiency, simply because they could trust him not to take advantage of the girl employees.

There are many of the other sort. "What happened after that?" a character in one of Mr. Galsworthy's plays asks of a poor woman dependent on her work. "My employer happened after that," is her brief and terribly eloquent answer.

A friend of mine expressed the pious hope, on hearing of a case of this sort the other day, that some special hell would be reserved for such human reptiles. I agree, but I should like that hell to be slightly ante-dated, so as to commence in this life instead of the next.

How to Keep Well

## Don't Go Bald

by A Wimpole Street Physician

THERE is no need why anyone should go bald—unless they want to.

When my barber tells me I am getting a little thin on top, I don't care. I know he is trying to sell me his wonderful lotion. And I tell him I don't care.

Most cases of baldness are due to a microbe called the "bottle bacillus." It causes dandruff.

If the dandruff isn't cured, the roots of the hair degenerate, and in time the hair falls out.

But baldness can be prevented if a little trouble is taken in time.

Brush the hair morning and evening, and brush it thoroughly.

Once a week at least wash the scalp thoroughly with soap and water. Be careful afterwards to rinse out all the soap with warm water, followed by cold.

If dandruff is present, wash the head daily with equal parts of soft soap and spirits of wine, rubbing a good lather into the scalp.

Rinse this out again completely, and dry the scalp well.

Never let the hair remain wet. If the scalp is too dry, rub in a little castor oil or liquid paraffin.

If the dandruff is bad, rub sulphur or mercury ointment into the scalp the night before. Continue this until the dandruff clears up.

Look after your hair brushes and keep them scrupulously clean. Once a week wash them out in hot water and washing soda; then dip them into weak lysol and water before drying them.

Light and air are the best germ-killers. Leave your hat behind when you go for a walk.

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SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE  
ON FOOD FADS.

Speaking at the twenty-eighth annual general meeting of Bovril, Ltd., Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., F.R.S., said there was no subject about which so much nonsense was talked, not even politics, as about food. Food fads and food scares were constantly cropping up. One could never go out to a dinner without hearing fantastic theories as to what we should eat, and, if some foolish cranks had their way, it would come to this, that the Ministry of Health would issue a menu card every morning mainly composed of nuts and raw vegetables, any departure from which would be followed by fine or imprisonment.

The vitamins had lately arrested attention, and he predicted a great deal would shortly be heard about the Hormones and the Endocrines, but there was no cause for alarm. While recognising the extreme scientific interest and importance of the vitamins—which were now becoming household words—he would exhort the average man with an average mixed diet not to trouble himself about them. Tradition, stretching back for thousands of years, and common sense counted for a good deal, and, pending further scientific guidance, he would insist on a free dinner table and a generous larder.

He would conclude a text: "Hold fast that which is good." Bovril was good, and they could not too firmly adhere to it.

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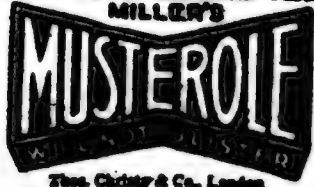
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## Human Documents

## Starving a Good Shepherd

## A Daughter's Dilemma—An Awkward Friendship—Risks of Dancing Halls

**F**OR two years I have laboured as a Nonconformist Minister, and have tried to make ends meet on a salary that has hardly kept body and soul together. I am only twenty-five years of age, and life, which at my age should be so full, has become an empty mockery.

"I have had charge of three grouped churches with a total membership of two hundred. Twice a week I have had to walk three miles in an afternoon through all weathers, visit the members, attend to the sick and destitute, take three meetings in the evening, and then walk three miles home again.

"For this I received the princely sum of £2 13s. per week, and after all standing expenses were paid I had £1 3s. left to feed and clothe three.

"Can you imagine how I must have felt, seeing my wife (the best in the world) gradually sinking, and the baby not having the things he should? The strain began to undermine my health, and I was obliged to ask for a rise in stipend. My application was refused and I was forced to send in my resignation.

"SINCE then our small amount of money has dwindled in a fierce struggle to exist, and to-day we are using the last pound we have in the world for food and rent. God only knows what is going to happen.

"Is God a God of Love—or is He one who is indifferent to the struggles of the down and out?

"I have searched for work, but although I have excellent testimonials, I cannot get any.

"I have been thanked on all hands for the services I have rendered, and the comfort and inspiration that men have received from my ministry—but thanks won't buy bread.

"Prominent men have told me that I am a wonderful preacher and public speaker, and that I should go far. I had a public school education, and later went to college, and to think that it should all end in this is heartbreaking.

"Can you give me a little advice; a word of cheer?"

"Humanist" says:—Have you lost faith in your own teaching? The Psalmist said: "I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." With your qualifications, it should be possible for you to find another pastorate. Write to the President of your Denominational Association, placing your case fully before him, and let me know the result.

"TWO years ago when I was standing at a shop window waiting for my husband, a man came up to me in the street and claimed my acquaintance. I had never seen him in my life before, but he seemed certain he knew me. Before I could send him about his business my husband returned from his errand. Now he is a terribly jealous man and I could see at once by the look in his eye that he was annoyed at the presence of the other man. In a moment of panic, therefore, I mentioned that a very old friend of mine had just come to town, and introduced the other man as 'Mr. Smith'—the first name that came to mind.

## A Stranger at Home

"By a stroke of real luck this man's name is really Smith! And my husband, instead of hating him, took an instant liking for him, and invited him home with us to dinner.

**P**ROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"That was two years ago. Since then 'Smith' has become a regular visitor to our house and is now a friend of the family. And I have discovered that he really thinks he knows me and that we have been friends in the past.

"But the most terrible part of all is that the woman he thinks I am was on very intimate terms with him, and he cannot understand now why I refuse to have the relations with him that this other woman—whom he thinks I am—had! He tries to persuade me to go back to our 'former' way of living, not knowing that it is a stranger he is talking to.

"And my husband is becoming suspicious of our long talks together. But I cannot explain everything to him now, and 'Smith'—a fascinating man—keeps pleading with me. I feel that I am in danger of giving way to him."

"Humanist" says:—Send Mr. Smith about his business. He is no friend for you or your husband. It is nonsense to say that he cannot understand—he doesn't want to. You seem to me to be a very frail and yielding woman. Pull yourself together for your own and your husband's sake.

"MY father is an Army officer stationed in a military town a hundred miles or so from our home, where I live with my granny and mother. I am the only child of my parents, a girl sixteen years of age, but although I am so young I am beginning to suspect that my mother's life is not all it should be.

## Should a Daughter Tell?

"For the last six years—that is, since the close of the war—she has refused to take up the available married quarters where Daddy's work lies, insisting that her nerves will not allow her to do so.

"It therefore comes about that she and I see him only on the rare occasions he is able to pay short visits to the village where we now live.

"During the long periods that he is away from us my mother, still quite young in spite of her thirty-six years, seems unduly fond of the company of certain well-to-do gentlemen of the neighbourhood of very questionable reputation.

"When father comes to see us neither my granny nor herself says a word to him regarding the late hours she keeps or the motor drives she takes with these men.

"My father, generous and unsuspecting, is being deceived, and I cannot bear to keep silent much longer."

"Humanist" says:—You are very young to pass judgment on your mother or her friends. But you are old enough to speak to your mother, and tell her of your misgivings and anxieties. She may be able to explain that your father knows and does not disapprove. Parents do not always speak of these things before children. I not, tell her you will ask your father to deal with the matter.

"WHILST in the Army, fighting for king and country, I stood beside a pal who was fatally shot, and before he died I promised I would do all in my power to look after his wife and child.

## Soldier's Promise

"After the war I found my pal's wife, and took her of my responsibility. Since then I have helped her in many ways—financially and otherwise. Recently I paid her a surprise visit, and to my horror found that she had become a street walker.

"Do you think I am still under an obligation to my pal to help her who is disgracing his name?"

"Humanist" says:—I think you are bound to do your best, but you obviously need help in such a case. Consult your clergyman and ask him to put you in touch with good women who will help and perhaps save an erring one.

## A Mother's Sin

"I am a young woman, happily married, with two children. My mother has recently deserted my poor invalid father, and is living with another man. She is very fond of my children, and she wants my daughter to visit her at the man's address. Should I permit it?"

No. It would be bad for the child. Estrangement from loved ones is part of the price of sin, and the separation may help your mother to realise her wrongdoing and restore her sense of duty.

## An Old Lover's Offer

"I was engaged to a man who was taken prisoner early in the war. After losing all trace of him I married someone else, and now have four children. My old lover recently reappeared, and having plenty of means has offered to pay for my children to be well educated. We are very poor, but I do not know whether to accept his help, as my husband knows nothing of my previous engagement."

You should make quite clear to your husband the relationship that formerly existed between you and your would-be benefactor. Then, if he approves, there can be little objection to your acceptance of the offer.

## Shadows of the Past

"My father and mother lived together for twenty-five years, but never married. My husband does not know this, and I dread his finding it out. My brother who is engaged to a nice girl of good parentage, is in the same difficult position. What should we do?"

Do nothing. There is no reason why the sins of a quarter of a century ago should overshadow your young lives. Let the dead past bury its dead. Live happily in the love that time has brought you.

## Dance Hall Morals

"I received a rude shock recently when, sitting in the local young men's club, I overheard my name mentioned and presently realised that a set of fellows there were discussing my risqué in a manner which made my blood boil with indignation.

"My fingers itched to choke the filthy minded cads, but if I had created a scene in the club the consequences might have been very serious. What should I do?"

"Humanist" says:—You should tell your sister in confidence what you have overheard, and leave it to her to do what to do. This sort of thing is, unfortunately, very prevalent, and it is only be stamped out when every man regards every other man's sister as his own.

*Motoring for the Million*

# Fellowship of the Open Road

by MOTOMAC

**L**AST week we did our best to make those who could afford it, take the plunge and join the Fellowship of the Open Road. This week we would be equally encouraging to those who have the desire and the means, but are held back through other causes.

Some would start but for the horrible congestion of the roads, or the increasing number of accidents, or through sheer nervousness that they will never be able to handle a car.

With the exception of one or two popular coast roads, motors, though plentiful, are not exactly end on end. Even on these roads there are certain rush hours, which can be avoided with a little forethought.

An hour's run out on a Sunday morning will present any of us with a choice of by-ways and lanes where even in 1925 we will find comparative peace. There are commons and woods with many motorists around, but each has settled down in his own nook, and far from being a nuisance are only companionable and kindred spirits.

**A**BOUT accidents, well they do happen, but most of my friends have motored for years, with nothing more serious than a battered wing.

A careful driver can avoid almost any accident, and we are all careful in our initial stages. It is this fact which convinces me of the folly of applying driving tests. The man who takes risks can, as a rule, drive rather well, he loves to chance things, and some day he chances too much. He would pass any examina-

tion because for once he would keep himself in hand. If the Sunday or Saturday excursion is planned for leisure there should be no hurry to get anywhere and there would be little fear of accident.

Don't let fear deprive you of the pleasure of running your little car.

You doubt if you can handle a car? Believe me, you can easily. Motoring is a thing we take by easy stages. First the lane, then the highway, then the crowded street. I have never met any one who got into a car and drove right out into the traffic probably because he did not survive the experiment.

**M**ODERN cars are easy to drive. A little practice with the controls in a quiet by-way with your teacher alongside, then the gradual tackling of tasks within your ability. Good driving is largely practice. There are specialists, of course, with something that can only be called genius, but careful driving is within the scope of any man or woman with ordinary common-sense and ability.

The safe rules are so very simple. Never search except when the road is clear. Never try any stunts at corners. When passing other vehicles always have a margin for safety. On hills keep the car absolutely in hand and a lower gear is generally better than a brake for this purpose. Where there are people, or dogs or obstructions of any sort, reduce your speed to the point at which your particular car can be stopped instantly. Treat side roads as if they were people even though the road by right is yours, and you can throw your fears to the winds and order your car to-morrow.



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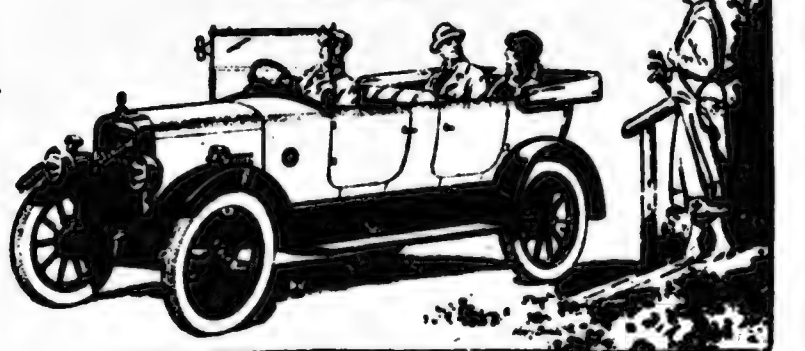
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## Our Letter Parliament

# Risks of Marriage

Our Readers Air their Views on this and other Topics

## Children and Happy Marriage

In your article, "The Risky Marriage," by Norah March, I find my case—and probably the case of many more whose marriages are childless—cleverly analysed. Only in rare instances is marriage happy and successful without children. I find after six years of marriage without issue that it needs a great deal of tact and self-control, on the part of both, to keep the link from snapping.—J. R., Nottingham.

## Companions Only

Figures supplied by the Divorce Courts lend colour to the argument that married couples cannot be happy and childless. As a matter of fact many married couples who have no children have married late in life, not having the means or the opportunity to do so earlier, and their chief desire has been companionship and a sharing of each other's interests in the home and in the world around.—"Open Mind," Elgin.

## Dangers of Married Life

I agree with your contributor that childless marriages are a danger, not only to the individuals concerned, but to the State as a whole. When the first passionate love of marriage has worn off, and life no longer appears as a golden dream, a woman begins to want to love something else. A baby is her salvation. Where no child comes to gratify her desire there is danger, for denied this gift by her husband she may turn to another man for consolation. Birth control is one thing; birth denied another!—Mrs. H. P., Doncaster.

## The Crime of Childlessness

Surely your contributor is not serious in urging that childless marriages should be dissolved. At a time when we are all trying to broadcast the same doctrine of scientific birth control, such nonsense is dangerous in the extreme. It is taking it for granted that marriages are mere physical unions. As a childless husband myself, I deplore this attitude. My wife and I are passionately in love with each other—and have been for six years. Why should we separate because we have not a child?—"Not Having Any," Falmouth.

## May and December

Surely some steps should be taken to oppose the marriage of girls of twenty to men of seventy. Such unions are unnatural, but, unfortunately, the girl does not make the discovery until too late. Her experience of life is limited, and she is often misled by the idea of being an old man's darling until disillusionment comes. One can quite understand such a man requiring a woman's care, but let him choose a more suitable partner. Such a great discrepancy in ages frequently entails a heavy sacrifice on the girl's part; so for the country's good let us have restrictions.—Old 'Un.

## Mother Instead of Wife

While admitting, with your contributor, that the real social purpose of marriage is to secure the protection of the children, I cannot agree with her argument that, generally speaking, the childless marriage is doomed to failure. In so many women the maternal instinct is the dominating one, and many previously happy marriages have suffered with the advent of the children. The wife becomes more and more absorbed in her duties as a mother, to the neglect and exclusion of all else, with the result that the husband suffers, and is led to seek affection and companionship elsewhere.—F. A. K., Hampstead.

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

## Childless Happiness

True love should always exist before ever a couple dream of marriage, and if this was thoroughly tested before marriage Divorce Courts and Criminal Courts would be idle in this direction. We have been married seven years, and although our union has brought no additions, we have only known complete happiness.—W. W., N.W.10.

## Snippets from other Letters

There are many couples, who are normally healthy, and through no wilfulness of their own the God-given gift of procreation has been denied them. Their childless marriage has not been a failure, simply because they are living in the spirit of good comradeship and love for each other.—Childless Reader, Newcastle.

One cannot imagine a childless couple being as happy as a mother with a child that can feel its little fingers on her face and little arms round her neck. I have known them to be the cause of husband and wife living together, where had there been no children they would have drifted apart.—Mrs. G., Langley.

The childless wife can give her husband her undivided attention, can always be depended on to accompany him anywhere, thereby lessening the possibility of him forming other friendships. Moreover, she undoubtedly will have more money in her purse to make herself and her home attractive.—"Whinhill," Greenock.

Many men and women who were drifting apart in their wedded life have been brought together again by the arrival of a child. Before entering into marriage men and women should come to an understanding on this matter. If this were done and adhered to there would be fewer unhappy marriages and divorces.—J. K., Tyrone.

## Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY":—"CARRION crows kill and eat... any small stock they can lay their hands on."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO":—"Men with PITCH-FORKS were employed in trying to remove the surface water."

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"THE WIZARD":—"He saw Ted lying FULL LENGTH on the floor, as if DOUBLED UP with pain."

"BATH HERALD":—"Lost, in First Avenue, Gold Locket, CONTAINING photo and chain."

"THE P.M.":—"I've got to go back to France for THREE MONTHS on business: I'll be back NEXT MONTH."

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"NEWCASTLE CHRONICLE":—"There is NO DIMINISHED DEMAND for general literature, and indeed a SLIGHT DECREASE."

## Inhuman "Amusement"

Why in your article "Brutal Sport" do you single out fox-hunting? Surely grouse shooting, deer stalking, rabbit coursing, and other hunting might all be included under this head? You would have the support of the majority of your readers if you cried aloud against all these forms of inhuman "amusement." R. D., Fortis Green.  
[Prof. Richet deals with the whole subject on page 13 of this issue.]

## Doctors' Jealousy

Why are such men as Sir Herbert Barker not recognised by the medical profession? Surely, in the name of suffering humanity, doctors should be above this petty jealousy. It is a serious matter to prevent any man from doing whatever good thing he can do. It had been the question of a new poison gas—but that is another matter.—Arthur Grimaby.

## Scottish Houses

I am not an extremist, but when I read your contributor's article on the appalling conditions existing in our Scottish cities I felt like expressing myself pretty strongly. Can we wonder at our Clyde members creating scenes in the House when they find themselves unable to fulfil their election pledges to end this terrible housing scandal?—Frank Conroy, Cheshire.

## Is the Church Dead?

"A Gentleman with a Duster" is again calling upon the Christian Church, which he has branded as a failure, to cleanse the city and make it a fit capital for a great Empire as ours. When will he realise that a "dead" church cannot influence a living people. We must "work out our own salvation." This will not be done quickly, but it is being done daily.—D. R., Muswell Hill.

## The "Cat"

Sir N. Grafton Doyle is right when he says that it is only the "cat" that will drive the crime of child defilement from our midst, for a term of imprisonment has little or no effect. Let it be known that child defilement spells "cat" punishment, and we shall have fewer of these terrible crimes perpetrated all over the country.—Pro Children.

## 18s. a Week for Men

Mr. Alex. M. Thompson's article on "How Can Girls Live On It?" instanced the case of a girl offered 18s. a week by the Lewisham Council. Of course it cannot be done; but could not Mr. Thompson apply his pen in the interests of the hundreds of men, with families, who are struggling to live on even less than this amount? It is this struggle combined with the hopelessness of the present outlook ever improving, which kills the bodies and souls of these victims of slavery-mongers.—Walker, London.

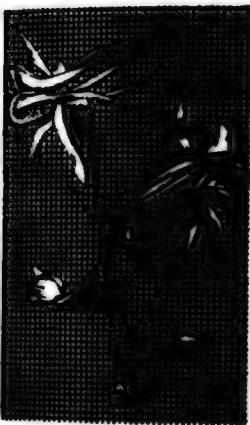
## Blind Workers

In a recent issue you called attention to a question asked in Parliament by Mr. T. Groves, M.P., in which it was stated that there were many sightless persons in workshops for the blind who received less than £1 per week. I am afraid the information expressed in Mr. Groves' question is quite misleading. It may be true that there are some few instances where blind workers are receiving in economic wages less than £1 per week, but this is largely due to the lack of capacity, and in no sense represents the cash values which they receive from the institution where they are employed.—Ben Purse, National Institution of the Blind.

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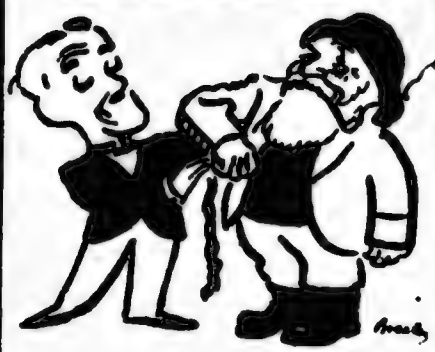
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# The Big "If" Race

The Lincoln Puzzle—Dinkie May Solve It—Banning Racing Tips

THE big "if" race sums up the Lincoln, and I do not intend to devote much space this week to the Carlholme event.

### The Ifs.

If Grand Joy does "not" break another blood-vessel the race is all over; if Beresford returns to his two-year-old form the same remark applies. Last year he suffered from heel-bug. If the theatrical folk who shrieked from housetops "Tons of Money" are correct L.S.D. will fill their pockets; if the weather will only behave Parth, the class horse, will put up a weight-carrying record.

Besides these big "ifs" there are a number of little "if" horses who could run away with the race if they reproduced their best form.

### No Real Betting

The market is suffering from acute appendicitis, and, owing to the vile weather of the past few months, only a few trainers have been able to "ready" their charges. As the great day approaches I anticipate several springers in the betting. Last week I gave Grand Joy, Hurrybelle and Beresford. For the time being these stand.

### The Grand National

We owe the elements another grudge for causing the meetings at Lingfield and Gatwick to be abandoned and thus robbing



Major Doyle, who will ride Fly Mask, the National favourite.

us of two good Grand National trials. The long-distance events would have shed a little more light on the Aintree race. Ardeen put up a splendid performance at Kempton, but I do not think he is a Liverpool horse. He jumped badly in the Grand Sefton, finishing six lengths behind the winner, Ballinode. He receives 7 lbs. for this hiding. My selections for the Grand National are the same as last week, but I prefer them in the order given below.

FLY MASK.  
BALLINODE.  
UPPER RATHDUFF.  
CONJUROR II.

### Gorey Disappoints.

I am afraid French hopes in the Grand National are going to be shattered, for Gorey, their only nominee, failed badly at Auteuil recently. It is possible that the method of riding was to blame, and the owner is taking the wise course of crossing over to Liverpool to see the Aintree obstacles for himself before deciding whether the horse is to run or not. This shows the French keenness.

### A Nap Selection

If you see it in JOHN BULL, it is so! Granted a run, Flying World will win at Lincoln on the first or second day of the meeting. The colt is trained by J. Dawson.

### Our Jockeys Snapped Up

There is always plenty of talk about the deterioration of our jockeys, but it is strange that immediately there is any chance of one being free to accept an offer he is snapped up in France. The latest to leave us is George Smith, who joins W. Lister, E. Gardner, and D. Quirke over there, to say nothing of the men like Donoghue, Bullock, and Beasley, who are to ride when possible in France. Little Pat Donoghue is also to make his debut there this season.

### Do You Remember Dinkie?

Dinkie, the sensational 50 to 1 winner of the Royal Hunt Cup, is another decided "if" horse for the Lincoln. This fellow was trained by Earl, and is now in the hands of the ex-jockey, Billy Higgs. One of my correspondents tells me that the five-year-old won the Hunt Cup on three legs and was unsound for the rest of the season. He has been patched up by the veterinary surgeon who had charge of Soranus prior to his Lincoln victory, and now has four perfectly sound legs. The book-makers rejoiced when Dinkie won the Ascot sprint. They may do so again.

### Lucky Jim.

Talk about luck—did you ever hear tell Of Jim?  
Some fellows manage to do pretty well!  
But him!  
Always went strong  
Simply couldn't do wrong  
Old Jim.

Bookies went barmy and bookies went broke  
Through Jim.  
He treated backing by way of a joke  
Or whim.  
Followed no laws  
But got winners by scores  
Did Jim.

Lives in a mansion he bought from a Duke  
Some spree!  
Keeps fifty servants, a butler and cook,  
Oh, gee!  
Heard of 'im? What?  
Did you say you have not?  
Nor me!

### Dale's Best Cure

I have mentioned several of Dale's

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:

*Sporting Life and Sportsman, Sporting Chronicle, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Birmingham Mail, Irish Independent.*  
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X W S V P M U Y H G N Z D F  
How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be. CFBJXLUZ would read MIGNAULT.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from March 11 to March 17.

wonderful sea-water cures for crippled horses. His latest achievement is the best of all. Almost two years ago Father Collins, now a nine-year-old, broke a leg and should have been destroyed. Father Collins was spared, and handed over to the Seaford trainer. At the last Windsor meeting the gelding finished third in a field of nine 'chasers. Dale is a marvel.

### Racing News to be Banned

The Canadian House of Commons spent a day discussing the suppression of all racing news. After four divisions the bill-joys won and the Government is to be asked to ban the broadcasting of tips, odds, and all racing intelligence unless supplied on a racecourse during a legally held meeting. In spite of our antiquated gambling laws we have still something for which to be thankful.

### Some Aintree Entrants

GOREY.—The French hope is not out for blood.

DUKE'S WALK.—Will change his opinion of the Aintree jumps.

MISCONDUCT.—Is sure to fall.

BEN CRUGHAN.—May give his owner that Kruschen feeling.

MUSIC-HALL.—A back number.

DOUBLE CHANCE.—The punter's delight.

GRACIOUS GIFT.—Makes the bookies smile.

HIS LUCK.—Sure to be dead out.

### An Each-way Query

I heard a good racing story the other day which illustrates the human side of one of our learned judges. The episode took place on the day a big handicap was decided. The court was sitting when an usher entered and handed up a slip of paper. For an instant the learned brows puckered. Then the judge leaned over the side of his box and whispered: "Do you know the second and third?"

### THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

Cheltenham, Wednesday

SIMON'S LIGHT, FORTISSIMO

Cheltenham, Thursday

DOUBLE CHANCE, RUDDY GLOW

Hurst Park, Friday

PADDY, PROGRESS

Hurst Park, Saturday

GOLDEN FIZZ, MOSELEY.

SILVER RING.

## Soccer this Week-End

### FORECASTS FOR MARCH 21.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Arsenal, Aston Villa.

Bury, Liverpool, Newcastle U., Sheffield U.

AWAY WINNERS.—Sunderland.

DRAW.—Blackburn v. Spurs, Huddersfield v. Bolton W., Notts Forest v. Preston N.E., West Ham v. West Bromwich.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Blackpool, Derby Co.

Fulham, Wolves, Bradford C.

AWAY WINNERS.—Southampton, Leicester C.

DRAW.—Barnsley v. Oldham A., Huddersfield v. Manchester U., Middlesbrough v. Wednesday, Port Vale v. Clapton O.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Southern)

HOME WINNERS.—Bristol R., Luton.

AWAY WINNERS.—Bristol P., Queen's P.

Exeter C., Merthyr, Newport, Queen's P.

Swansea.

DRAW.—Charlton v. Brighton, Northampton v. Plymouth, Southend v. Swindon.

Watford v. Bristol C.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Northern)

HOME WINNERS.—Aston, Wigan.

Doncaster R., Nelson, Wakefield, Bradford.

AWAY WINNERS.—Darlington, Durham.

DRAW.—Barrow v. Rochdale, Durham v. Accrington, Southport v. New Brighton.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Airdrieonians, Celtic.

Hibernians, Queen's Park, St. Johnstone.

AWAY WINNER.—Rangers.

DRAW.—Aberdeen v. Hamilton, Third Lanark.

Scottish League fixtures are subject to marked with an asterisk.)

### WEEK-END COUPS

6 HOME.—Cardiff, Sunderland, Leicester C.

Luton, Darlington, Rangers.

5 HOME.—Cardiff, Leicester C., Swindon, Darlington, Rangers.

3 AWAY.—Swansea, Nelson, Raith R.

3 DRAWS.—Leeds v. Sheffield U., Southampton v. Derby Co., St. Mirren v. Airdrie.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Leicester C., Darlington, Rangers, Swansea, Nelson.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Leicester C., Swansea, Southampton v. Derby Co.





# John Bull's Letter Bag

**THE** Editor may be flippant on this page but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. See note at top of last column this page.

T. K. (Chelsea).—"What does a real genius want?" Finding.

P. L. (Ilford).—"I am telling you all I know, for nothing." It is worth it.

G. M. (Farnham).—"Some day I hope you'll have a bit more sense in your head." Thanks, the same to you, sir.

P. R. (Manchester).—"What would you do if a girl always threw kisses at you?" Give her one back for her cheek.

W. T. (Portsmouth).—"Ten to one, I'm right!" We hope you'll still be right at five past.

N. M. (Blackpool).—"One day we shall be able to make gold out of old lead." Most plumbers do so now.

Mrs. L. (Hartlepool).—"I should like to earn a little money weekly." You are modest. We should prefer to earn a lot.

G. L. (Peterborough).—"I have a splendid, unfailing, cure-all liniment." You rub it in.

G. S. (Shrewsbury).—"My brains will only work in the evening." Then why write to us in the morning?

Mrs. H. (Redhill).—"I am sure women constantly bear much more suffering than men." So the shoe-makers say.

L. V. (Maida Vale).—"I have sung an aria in six flats." And the other tenants objected, we suppose?

A. M. (Wigan).—"I'd like to know the meaning of the word 'luck'." It's the explanation of the other man's success.

W. W. (Potter's Bar).—"He called me an unmitigated ass." Naturally you kicked.

G. S. (Preston).—"I'm not such a fool as I look." Then please, please don't ever send us your photograph.

W. W. (Dartmoor).—"What shall I have to pay for a marriage licence?" About 7s. 6d. down and your income for the rest of your life.

B. B. M. (Edinburgh).—"My wife is a woman of very few words." Then she won't be much good at our cross-word puzzles.

JOAN G. (Micklefield).—"He tried to put his arm about me when I wasn't looking." And now you won't look at him?

A. L. W. (Manchester).—"I spent a tanner and had a frightfully exciting day." For the price of a marriage licence it is possible to have an exciting lifetime.

G. P. (Ayre).—"It would be to the good if mediums were compelled to take out a licence." It is already illegal to deal in spirits without one.

G. T. (Kingston).—"Briefly, what do you think is the best style of dress in which to take exercise?" In short, in shorts.

P. T. (Maidenhead).—"The one policeman took eight men to the station." It must have been an arresting sight.

Mrs. T. (Leeds).—"I should have thought her to be the last person on earth he would marry." We expect she hopes she is.

"FEMINA" (Newpark).—"It's the woman who always pays the price." But she always takes it out of the man first.

JESSIE A. (Rogate).—"Every wife is afraid of becoming a widow." But still more afraid of becoming an unbecoming one.

M. L. B. (Tomatin).—"There are two million unmarried women in England." Ah—in the good old days there were two million and one.

A. F. (Cambridge).—"I come in contact with lots of brainy people." Don't worry—you seem well inoculated against the disease.

B. C. P. (Hackbridge).—"Most people have a wrong idea of marriage." If they didn't, there would probably be fewer marriages.

R. S. (Earby).—"Everywhere I seem to meet scandal-mongering women." You appear, in fact, to be dogged by cats.

DOROTHY S. (Bristol).—"Women are not expensive creatures." Oh, no—it's merely the accessories, fittings and spare-parts which are.

H. C. W. (Fulham).—"I have just seen a comedian who, in my opinion, should go far." We have met many such, and urged them not to buy a return ticket.

A. L. G. (Stockwell).—"On Sundays a man in the flat above me practises the flute all day." Can't you persuade him to go out for a blow occasionally.

H. O. (Redcar).—"I suppose many of the inhabitants of mid-Europe have no idea what the sea is like?" No, they haven't an ocean.

M. D. Y. (Manchester).—"I took my umbrella to be mended, and they lost it in the shop." Tell them to re-cover it at once.

L. P. M. (Rochester).—"I am hoping soon to be able to tell the weather." Righto; don't forget to tell it what we all think of it.

H. J. (Cardiff).—"Bricklayers are still at work." Very still.

L. N. (Finsbury).—"What will solve the unemployment problem?" Work.

G. M. (Clerkenwell).—"It is no good carrying troubles through life's journey." But you must take care.

H. M. (Durham).—"English finance is in a weak state." There's a sovereign remedy.

G. P. (Barking).—"I have reason to think that the coat is not sable." In fact you believe that it's only a fable?

K. D. (Sheffield).—"My motor and sidecar ran into three figures." We hope none of them was killed?

Mrs. G. (Haxby).—"Mr. Baldwin ought to put a tax on bachelors." He certainly favours taxing raw materials.

F. J. (Hull).—"Many a single girl is tricked by the glitter of a ball." And many married ones robbed under three.

T. T. (Hammersmith).—"All I have saved is a valuable Dutch clock." Then you won't have much trouble in winding up your affairs.

R. M. (Ripon).—"We've been courting for two years, and he's never once looked in the jeweller's to choose a ring." Love is often stone blind.

POLLY J. (Blackburn).—"A man should be shot who throws things at a woman." Should you pass our window, we won't even throw a kiss.

G. H. (Luton).—"Why are some men so successful in keeping their friends?" Probably because they never give them away.

A. M. G. (Edinburgh).—"My brother won a *Bullethead* First a few months ago." Well, go one better and pull off the Double-First we're offering this week.

D. W. (Taunton).—"Funerals should not be mournful affairs." Our office-boy agrees—he always buries his grandparents during the most exciting Cup-tie struggles.

S. B. (Brighton).—"The man living above me plays the piano or sings all night long." Probably a Government official who cannot sleep in his own time.

P. N. (Tonbridge).—"Great explorers have generally worn beards." This seems to disprove the old saying that a rolling stone gathers no moss.

## The Cost of Laughing

MY DEAR SIR AUGLAND,  
I've a few remarks I'd like to make to you, but, should you feel some slight misgiving, they're not about the cost of living.

The cost of laughing is my theme—more serious than at first might seem. For, in these days of prices high, we have to study all we buy. We need amusement, you'll admit; but how much should we pay for it?

The best and cheapest that I know is in the weekly *Passing Show*—a journal which for a decade has flourished, and such progress made that everywhere

'tis in demand—the brightest weekly in the land!

My birthday number's now on sale; to purchase it you should not fail. Its value's quite beyond compare; it's packed with humour rich and rare.

A penny more on bread, I hear, costs fourteen million pounds a year! And yet (it seems a crying shame!) in size the loaf remains the same!

Your action's clearly needed there; but loaves with laughs let me compare. I feel I'd like to let you know how different is *The Passing Show*.

My birthday issue's threepence, yet the readers extra value get. Its six-and-fifty pages hold a wealth of jest and laughs untold. If a Commission judged its worth they'd soon be doubled up with mirth!

I think it's safe to boast that no man e'er failed to profit by

THE SHOWMAN.



The Rt. Hon. Sir Auckland Geddes.

THE most perfectly equipped of its kind—that's our Free Advice Service. The brains and experience of staff of experts are at your disposal; stamped and addressed envelope sent with your enquiry, the only expense. The service undertakes to answer every question addressed to it, and offers the advice of those experienced in the battle of life. Whatever you wish to know you can know—if you apply to JOHN BULL. Relieve your troubled mind of a harass by putting the facts of your case to us. Don't delay. Do it now. Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Mrs. T. (Horsham).—"You will understand better if I enclose my photo." Certainly makes you plain.

J. N. (Meldon).—"I can't put my thoughts into words." It is, indeed, difficult to make something of nothing.

T. P. C. (Bletchley).—"I am an ardent social reformer." And most of the need it.

G. G. (Swansea).—"I can drive a car anywhere, and I never had any lessons." Take a few and learn to drive in the road.

"PROHIBITIONIST" (Hull).—"I assert that D-R-I-N-K spells ruin!" But mostly nowadays it spells W-A-T-E-R.

BASIL D. (Oxford).—"I should think actresses hate to be so much photographed." Most of them seem able to grin and bear it.

P. H. (Uxbridge).—"My landlord refuses to have the ceiling painted." The you'll have to take the necessary steps yourself.

G. P. (Lancaster).—"I have invented and patented an entirely new collar. Our laundry does as much every week without taking out patents.

Mrs. DONA R. (Thames Ditton).—"It's wrong to call marriage a series of pitched battles." But correct to say it is the result of an engagement?

S. P. (Saffron Walden).—"She is a fast designing creature." And then the say women wouldn't make good architects!

Mrs. N. (Manchester).—"I have been ordered to drink hot water an hour before breakfast." It seems a long time to keep it up.

B. N. B. (Luton).—"I got something in my eye, so she naturally offered to take it out." Oh, naturally. And, afterwards, you naturally offered to take her out?

R. P. L. (Hylton).—"Gazing into the fire, I seem to be looking into the future. Come, come, that may not be your ultimate destination after all.

F. J. T. (Dymock).—"I firmly believe in telepathy." Then, as you already know our real opinion of your letter, a printable version is unnecessary.

GRACE W. (Watford).—"My fiancé is very well-balanced." We're glad to hear someone can face marriage without a overdraft.

BOBBIE E. (S.W. 7).—"I don't see much in pictures." Perhaps if you went to the cinema alone you'd be able to see more.

JANE W. (Heysham).—"Men never take anything seriously." A burglar, however, would find that a very poor defence.

"T. UNIONIST" (York).—"Labour's aspirations everywhere command respect." Except when it lays down principles and tools at the same time.

T. J. (Bredon).—"Fate is really very kind." We reckon, however, she'd be sorely tempted if she had to read your letter.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

# THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

## SATISFACTORY PROGRESS IN ALL BRANCHES

### BONUS MAINTAINED

The Annual General Meeting of the Prudential Assurance Company, Limited, was held on Thursday, 5th March, 1925, at the Chief Office, Holborn Bars, London, Mr. A. C. Thompson, the Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Secretary, Sir George May, K.B.E., F.I.A., having read the notice convening the meeting and the Auditors' Report, The Chairman said:—Ladies and Gentlemen,—My task in presenting to you this afternoon the Report of Prudential progress during the 76th year of its history is a pleasant one. You will have seen from the accounts and statements already submitted to you that our operations during the period under review have resulted in very considerable development in every branch of the Company's business, and sight should not be lost of the fact that these results have been achieved in spite of the continuance of abnormal unemployment, so that the progress we have made during the past year will, I am sure, be as gratifying to you as it is to me.

The total income of the Company has increased by £1,436,771 to £35,136,037, which was made up as follows:—

|                                                           |                    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Total Income of the Company.                              |                    |
| Premiums Industrial Branch                                | £15,210,290        |
| Premiums Ordinary Branch                                  | 10,012,236         |
| Premiums General Branch                                   | 1,117,544          |
| Consideration for Annuities granted                       | 124,378            |
| Interest and dividends                                    | 8,026,091          |
| Payment received for administration of Approved Societies | 645,498            |
|                                                           | <b>£35,136,037</b> |

In the Industrial Branch the increase in the annual premium income of the Company, as at the end of the year, was £601,000, an increase which, with the exception of the three years just after the termination of the War, when unemployment was practically non-existent, is greater than has hitherto been achieved by the Company.

#### INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.

At our meeting last year I referred to the new Industrial Branch prospectus, issued by the Company in January, 1924, and containing revised and simplified tables giving benefits considerably more favourable than it had previously been possible to grant under this class of assurance. The striking increase in our premium income in this Branch during the past year amply justifies the confidence I then expressed that the revised scales of Endowment Assurances contained in that prospectus would aid the Prudential in continuing to play the leading rôle in the development of thrift amongst the Industrial classes of the community.

#### ORDINARY BRANCH.

In the Ordinary Branch the premiums received during 1924 were £283,725 in excess of those for the previous year, the sums assured under new policies being £14,217,481, as against £12,112,425 for 1923, an increase of more than £2,000,000, which by itself is greater than the total new life business of many offices. The number of policies issued was 83,410, and the average sum assured per policy was thus £170. Whilst this may seem a relatively small average to that of some ordinary assurance companies, yet under policies assuring £500 and upwards we secured new business to the extent of £3,451,339, the average per policy being nearly £780; that, I think, is striking testimony to the fact that the Prudential

caters successfully not only for those who effect small, but also for those who desire large assurances.

#### INTEREST INCOME.

The Interest Income I have quoted is the gross figure before deduction of tax, and is nearly £700,000 in excess of the corresponding item for 1923. The net rate of interest earned on the combined Life Assurance Funds was £4 17s. 6d. per cent., or 3s. 9d. per cent. more than in 1923. There is thus a margin of £1 17s. 6d. per cent. between our valuation and realised rates of interest, and this is an exceedingly important indication of the excellent nature of the future bonus prospects of our policyholders in both of our Life branches.

#### CLAIMS.

Having dealt with the more important sources of the Company's income we now come to the outgo. The total claim payments in the life branches amounted to nearly £14,000,000 during the year, of which more than £5,500,000 was on account of death claims, and this exceeds the corresponding item last year by nearly £500,000. Whilst, of course, some of this increase naturally arises from the larger total of sums assured and bonus at risk, yet the mortality experience was undoubtedly less favourable than in the previous year, the difference almost entirely arising during the first quarter of 1924. This feature agrees with the experience of the population as a whole, as shown by the returns of the Registrar-General, and was due principally to a heavy death rate from influenza and allied causes. Whilst the major portion of the increase in death claims was in the Industrial Branch, yet the death claims in the Ordinary Branch were also in excess of those for 1923, but the heaviest item of outgo in this branch arose from matured Endowments which accounted for payments amounting to £5,493,390, or about £390,000 more than in the preceding year.

#### EXPENSES.

Coming now to the expenses, we are in the happy position of being able again to record, in the Industrial Branch, a decrease in the ratio of this item to premium income, namely, from 29.74 per cent. in 1923 to 27.86 per cent. in 1924. In order that the full extent of the achievement of the Prudential in this direction may be appreciated it is, however, necessary to consider not only the figures for 1923 and 1924, but also those for the three previous years. The record runs as follows:—

|      |    |    |                |
|------|----|----|----------------|
| 1920 | .. | .. | 40.5 per cent. |
| 1921 | .. | .. | 30.92 "        |
| 1922 | .. | .. | 32.12 "        |
| 1923 | .. | .. | 29.74 "        |
| 1924 | .. | .. | 27.86 "        |

From these figures it will be seen that only five years ago our expenses were proportionately nearly 50 per cent. heavier than they are to-day, and it is interesting in passing to note that while the premiums received during the year have increased by £323,000, the expenses for the year are actually £190,000 less.

The foundations of the very important reductions in expense which have been achieved during the past four years were well and truly laid when the block system of agencies was introduced by us some two or three years prior to the war, and confidence was expressed at previous meetings that by its operation a considerably larger amount of premiums could be collected at less actual cost than was then entailed under the commission system. Whilst the results of our efforts in that direction are now apparent they have not yet come to full fruition.

#### VALUATION RESULTS.

The valuation has been made on the same basis as was used for 1923, and the results for the year show that our total liability in all three branches has increased by more than £10,000,000, and is now £156,701,602. Made up as follows:—

|                   |             |
|-------------------|-------------|
| Industrial Branch | £84,905,023 |
| Ordinary Branch   | 70,003,159  |
| General Branch    | 1,184,420   |

For the year 1923 the basis of our Industrial Branch valuation was strengthened by the use of the rates of mortality shown by the latest population tables available, the English Life Tables No. 8, and the question of altering our basis in the Ordinary Branch by the adoption of a more recent mortality experience than that now used—the Healthy Male table of the Institute of Actuaries—is receiving the consideration of your Directors.

#### TOTAL SURPLUS.

In the Ordinary Branch the surplus is £2,123,829, and in the Industrial Branch £2,069,752, making a total of £4,193,581. Of this £500,000 has been added to the Investments Reserve Funds and £150,000 to the Common Contingency Fund. Of the remainder £1,660,618 has been set aside to provide a bonus to with-profit policyholders in the Ordinary Branch and, in accordance with our profit-sharing scheme, £1,719,301 has been allocated to Industrial Branch policyholders, £387,097 to the outdoor staff, £86,022 to the special contingency fund, and £800,000 to holders of A shares; £330,111 has been carried forward in the Ordinary Branch and £160,403 in the Industrial Branch.

#### ORDINARY BRANCH BONUS.

In the Ordinary Branch we are able to declare a bonus of 22 per cent. on the original sum assured under with-profit policies. This is the same rate as was declared for the year 1923, and in view of the excellent prospects for the maintenance of, and even for increase in, this substantial rate of bonus a Prudential with-profit policy is more than ever an attractive proposition.

#### ALLOCATION OF INDUSTRIAL BRANCH PROFITS.

You will recollect that in July of last year a revision of our profit-sharing scheme in the Industrial Branch was proposed by the Board of Directors and received your approval. The amount of surplus allocated this year under the revised scheme to policyholders is, as I have already stated, £1,719,301. This is more than £800,000 in excess of the sum similarly apportioned last year, and it is worthy of notice that this year more than two-thirds of the declared profit in this Branch goes to policyholders and outdoor staff.

In order that the full significance of this aspect of our business may be appreciated it may be pointed out that the Prudential is, I believe, the only Industrial Assurance Company which under its Articles of Association shares its profits with its policyholders, and it is our hope that with the further development of our two Life Branches the proportion allocated to our Industrial Branch policyholders will continue to increase in the future.

#### INDUSTRIAL BRANCH BONUS.

In respect of policies issued in the Industrial Branch on or after 1st January, 1923, we have decided to increase the rate of reversionary bonus (vesting after 15 years from the date of the policy) to £1 10s. per cent. The rate declared last year was £1 5s. per cent., and that we have so soon been able to accomplish this increase is very gratifying.

In regard to policies issued before 1st January, 1923, we are able to increase at the longer durations the rate of bonus declared last year, and in addition, to guarantee the rates declared this year until 2nd March, 1923, that is to say, for 8 years or 4 more than was guaranteed last year. This is a further step towards making these bonuses permanent instead of being solely dependent upon the profit available year by year.

Owing, however, to the fact that we are subject to heavier taxation in the Irish Free State, and because that portion of our business located there is less profitable than business in the United Kingdom, we have decided that the above extensions in the mortality bonus shall not apply to policies in force in that State, but that such policies shall continue to participate upon the basis declared last year.

#### GENERAL BRANCH—

In our General Branch we are able to report for the first time a premium income in excess of £1,000,000, the actual figure, which I have already given you, being £1,117,544—an increase of £179,860 for the year, and it is satisfactory to note that all classes of insurance included in this Branch have contributed to the progress that has been made. The claim ratio for the year is very satisfactory, being less than 35 per cent. of the premium income in respect of Fire, Accident, Employers' Liability, and the miscellaneous classes combined.

The Marine Fund as at the end of the year amounts to £555,822, and premiums received during the year were £400,042, or nearly £25,000 more than in 1923. The claims amounted to £396,000, but these, it must be remembered, are in respect not only of business written last year but also in the three preceding years.

In order that our General Branch may command the fullest confidence of the insuring public, and thus ensure to itself every possibility of substantial and satisfactory development, it is still the opinion of your Board of Directors that the surplus should be used to strengthen the reserves, and, accordingly, that course has again been adopted this year. The reserves held for the combined Fire, Accident, and Miscellaneous classes now amount to more than 80 per cent. of the premium income for the year, while in the Marine Section the fund is considerably in excess of the premiums received during 1924.

You will, no doubt, wish me to say a few words with reference to the investment side of our business, and you will readily understand that the task of finding suitable investments grows each year both in importance and difficulty.

Bearing in mind that the stability of our Company rests upon the security of our assets, and that the interest earned in excess of the valuation rate constitutes one of our main sources of profit, I make no apology for remarking, as I have previously done on many similar occasions, that your Directors spend a very considerable amount of time and much anxious thought in ensuring that our funds shall be invested as safely, and that the rate of interest earned thereon shall be as remunerative as possible.

#### INVESTMENT OF ASSETS.

The increase in our assets during the last twelve months amounted to £12,600,000, but the sum to be dealt with was very much larger, owing to securities maturing and loans paid off in the same period. The gross yield obtained on our net new investments during the year was more than 6 per cent. per annum, and in view of the decline in rates of interest generally I venture to say that this is an excellent result. It bears out the view I expressed last year that more suitable openings for investment would occur later and justifies the policy we followed at that time of holding an appreciable sum in very short-term securities.

The substantial improvement in the net rate of interest obtained, to which I have already referred, is not wholly due to the high yield obtained by the investment of our new money. It is accounted for in part by an alteration effected by the Finance Act, 1923, in the method of assessment for income tax, which became effective for the first time in 1921, and which has considerably increased the net yield in the Industrial Branch. Although, therefore, we hope to maintain our rate of interest and even to improve it slightly in the future, we must anticipate that subsequent increases will normally be of much smaller dimensions, since the special advantage obtained this year is non-recurring.

Turning once more to our investments as a whole, it is pleasing to be able to record a rise in market values for the fourth year in succession. The improvement during the last twelve months was greater than in 1923, although not on so large a scale as in 1921 and 1922. This naturally places us in an extremely satisfactory position, but we nevertheless consider it advisable to continue to augment our investments reserve funds. Our aim in so doing is to ensure the continued stability of our great Company, and to guard as far as possible against any fluctuations in values which may occur during the period of reconstruction through which the whole world is now passing.

In the past the record of the Prudential has ever been one of progress combined with stability, and our operations during 1924—viewed from whatever standpoint you will—have set up another landmark in the history of Insurance.

#### RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

To establish for Industrial Assurance policies a system of reversionary bonuses, analogous to that generally applicable to Ordinary Life Assurance, seemed only a short time since an impossibility, but it has been accomplished by the Prudential. That result has been achieved by unremitting care in the supervision of our investments and by ceaseless efforts to improve our organisation and thus reduce our expenses. The strength of our financial position has for long been proverbial and from the facts and figures I have given you it is abundantly clear that the Company is to-day more than maintaining its prestige. Our operations in the past have been limited to the British Isles, but we believe that the time is now ripe for the extension of our sphere of activity, and a number of agencies have already been opened in foreign countries, and we confidently look forward to the time when the name of the Prudential will be as well known and respected in all the markets of the world as it is to-day in these islands.

Year by year competition for all classes of Insurance business becomes more keen, but by steadfastly pursuing the Prudential aim to give the greatest benefits combined with the maximum of helpful service at the lowest cost, and relying on the ever-growing discrimination of our admitted and prospective clients, we have reason to anticipate the continuous development of our business to an extent which all of us should find satisfactory.

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FIRST INSTALMENT OF THE MOST AMAZING ROMANCE EVER WRITTEN

# The MYSTERY of the BLACK TRIANGLE

by SEAMARK illustrated by Howard K. Elton

## CHAPTER I.

IT is one of the eternal verities of life that the greatest events may turn on the hazard of the merest fluke. The most commonplace circumstance, a single opportunity, may yet be potent enough to turn the whole course of a man's career.

Dr. Ferrers Hollis realised the personal application of that worn truth with something of a shock when, on that very perfect morning in May, he decided to take a quiet stroll along the Embankment instead of going up the Strand. A man could hardly be called upon to make a more harmless decision than that.

Dr. Hollis was one of those middle-aged men whom you instinctively take to. You liked him at first sight. He had natural charm, the charm that is born of, and dying with, the old school. You noticed first of all that he was rather portly, and that he was dressed according to the most fastidious traditions of the Faculty—smooth frock-coat and the glossiest of silk hats, thin striped trousers and cravat.

Then you saw that he had a pink complexion and beaming blue eyes. There was a jovial twinkle in those eyes that was at once reassuring and endearing. You knew intuitively that Dr. Hollis could be the staunchest of friends and the loyalist of allies, provided your motives were worthy. His was a kindly face, yet at the back of the mask of benignity was a hint of absolute inflexibility of purpose; whatever his conscience dictated, that Dr. Hollis would do, though the stars burst and heavens fell.

For Hollis was the greatest analytical chemist of his day. He was one of those amazing men who could take a tiny piece of flesh, reduce it to its elements of carbons, sugars and salts, subject it to tests and re-agents, expose it to a bewildering course of acids and alkalies, and then pronounce an infallible judgment upon it. He could state with the utmost decision whether the body was poisoned or not, the precise nature of the toxin employed and the exact measurement of the dose administered, to say nothing of the date of death and the general health of the body before demise.

The only oddity about him was that he did not look his part. He was much more the typical benevolent old gentleman than the great pathologist whose word, coldly logical and quietly delivered, meant life or death to the prisoner in the dock.

## A dramatic meeting

He strolled along, humming a care-free little song to the bright of the morning.

When nearly abreast of the Needle he paused, leaning on the parapet to admire the masterly seamanship of a tug-boat which, with a great unwieldy string of barges in tow, was executing a down-tide turning movement in mid-stream.

And it was just then that Dr. Hollis became dimly aware of a second figure leaning against the parapet. He did not turn round or look at him. He was not unduly concerned about him just then, but he was vaguely conscious of being no longer alone there.

Then, as he turned away, he glanced at the man who, with arms propped on the stonework, was gazing sombrely down the river. Hollis frowned with a quick passing shadow of remembrance. It was as though a memory had just flashed up and out of the past, and vanished again, too swift for capture.

He paused and looked again, taking his time over his scrutiny, knowing that the man was unaware of his presence.

It was a striking face, handsome in more ways than one. There was something in the poise of the head that gave it culture, an aristocratic, autoeratic pride of dignity. It was deep-lined, tanned almost to the colour of old oak,



"I may as well buy my death warrant as have it thrust upon me," said Maine grimly.

and there was a hardness about it so noticeable that the features might have been chiselled out of brown rock. The lips were thin, but finely shaped—Hollis made a mental memorandum that they were the most determined lips he had ever seen in his life. And the chin beneath added to their dominance and character. His figure was smart, healthily athletic, the perfect figure for a man just merging into his thirties. And he was perfectly dressed and groomed.

But it was his eyes that attracted attention most. Steel-grey they were, with a hint of real blue lurking in their depths, like chips of steel cooling after a vicious tempering. The blue came intermittently, like the occasional glint on the hardened metal when the light flashes slantwise across it. They looked true; but they were bitter—bitter as gall; the eyes of a man who had passed through the ultimate fires and had no come out unscathed.

Two long furrows crinkled across the Doctor's forehead.

Somewhere he had seen those eyes before; somewhere—before the bitterness got into them. Now, where on earth was it! Such an unusual face as that! Odd that it should have slipped his memory. Such remarkable eyes, too. The bitterness of them... quite unforgettable... something to remember for a lifetime.

Dr. Hollis, in a brown study, passed on. As he moved away he got a glimpse of the man's hands—and his eyebrows shot up in surprise. For the hands were all calloused. The nails were coarse and broken, and there were corns of hardened skin deep ingrained in the palms.

## The man who vanished

"Very queer; very odd!" muttered Hollis, plucking thoughtfully at his chin. "I'm sure I know him—know him well. Now, let me see now. Where could it have been? India—no, he is probably too young. Africa—hardly; he didn't get that colour in Africa. His pupils? I—"

"Good heavens!" he said. "Maine! It's Maine! Kellard Maine of the old Slaughterhouse!"

A moment later the portly old gentle-

man was bustling his way back again muttering, "Well, bless my soul!" at every other step.

His head was a whirling riot of flying thoughts—old fragments of memories that were racing back to the days when he was House Surgeon to the great hospital indelicately known to the students as the Slaughterhouse, to the days when Maine, a young man walking the wards for his finals, was the most astonishing young man he had ever encountered. There was the hall-mark of genius in all he conceived and did. Young Kellard Maine outshone his contemporaries of that year as boldly as the moon outshines the stars.

## Challenge and defiance

Even in those early days he was propounding new theories of medicine and illness that had since been adopted, perfected and practised by the medical faculties of a dozen different countries. All the great men of the profession were prophesying great things about him. "Another Lister," they said. "Another Pasteur come to teach us more than we know."

And then the meteor slipped out of the sky. Just when the world was opening its eyes and its arms to him, Kellard Maine vanished. He faded from existence right at the moment when, his examinations passed with brilliant ease, he seemed destined to establish himself into lasting fame.

Dr. Hollis stopped beside him and touched him on the arm.

"You're Maine, aren't you?" he said. "Kellard Maine?"

The other started badly and whipped round like a thoroughbred jagged with the spur. The glare of savage defiance that suddenly leapt into the grey eyes positively made the older man jump. They were blazing with fierce challenge. The sudden leaping glare had roughed straight to Hollis' face. And the friendliness it found there disarmed him. The

fierce alarm died away as quickly as it had arisen, except for the smouldering glint of animosity that still lingered. His limbs relaxed and he leaned forward, peering hard at the Doctor.

"Yes, I'm Maine," he said slowly. "Who are you? What do you want?" "I don't want anything. My dear fellow, except to inquire after your welfare after all these years," said Hollis kindly. "You had sensed something disruptive in a younger man's manner. Every line of him, every look, every action spoke some calamitous disaster that had scorched his very soul. 'It really does seem ages since we last met,' he said.

"Does it?" said Maine. His eyes roved restlessly up and down the street of the great boulevard.

"Yes, indeed. You surely remember me? Hollis—Ferrers Hollis of the Slaughterhouse. Don't you remember?"

Maine looked up at him. He seemed walled about with a dour reserve. His eyes slid over the Doctor in an embracing sweep. There was an intensity about it, as though he was forcing his mind back to small beginnings, striving to recall exactly what Hollis meant to him back in those far days.

He remembered him suddenly. His face cleared with a tinge of relief.

## Maine's astounding confession

Then very quietly he said, "Yes, remember you, Doctor. House surgeon were you not? And quite a friend of mine. You had rather a high opinion of me in those days." He smiled a little rancorously. "Well, we can't help the swing of the pendulum, can we? So as starchy as ever? You must be Starchiness is one of those habits that grow on one—and you look so disgustingly respectable."

Hollis had never suspected you Maine of turning cynic. Something pretty awful must have happened, he thought. A man's nature doesn't change with the moon. "How—how long is it since we last discussed symptoms together?" he asked lamely.

"Fifteen years," said Maine.

"Dear, dear! As long as that, is that a huge slice out of life! What have you been doing all that time?"

"Fifteen years!" said Maine again and laughed sourly. "Horrible past to know, am I not?"

"I—er—I don't think I quite understand," said Hollis apologetically. "Your hand went up and diffidently fingered his tie, a habit he had got into when ever he was perturbed or puzzled.

"Penal servitude. Fifteen years of that. They've only just let me out." His voice was as sharp as an overstrained violin string.

"Good God!" gasped Hollis. In that quaky moment he understood all about those eyes, the hungering bitterness that was bedded in them, the red fierceness that could spurt up to life in them at mere word. And he understood about the broken finger nails and calloused hands.

## "Biggest story of the ages"

"Missed me all of a sudden, didn't you?" said Maine, a tolerant smile flickering at the corners of his mouth. "I'm glad I met you, Doctor." He added after a disastrously difficult silence. "I've been wondering where you could find a—a friend. A real one, mean."

"How much—" began Hollis.

"Push!" snorted Maine savagely. "Could buy you up, hospital and all, for like it. There'll have to be more of the friend I need than the willingness to borrow or lend a ten-pound note. I want a friend—one who will lend a hand in one of the biggest jobs that has ever crossed the civilised skyline; a job that is so impossibly tremendous that it might well have emanated from

rain of an imbecile. He'd have to sit down and assimilate the facts of a story so gigantic that it doesn't quite seem to fit into this modern age of progress and civilization.

Hollis's reply was to take out a cigar. He lit it, prop his back against the paragon, and wait.

"Maine, my lad, you were sane enough in the old days," he said, very distinctly.

"That's the boldest sentence I've heard for fifteen years," said Maine. "So you still have a moiety of faith in your precociously bright pupil?"

"Quite a lot, my boy. Tell me, what do they send you to prison for?"

"Murder!"

Hollis jumped again. The shrewish directness of the man sent a cold shiver down his spine. Maine seemed unmindful of it. It was all past history to him. He had lost its horror and its dread. Only the story remained, the story that declared itself in the glint of eyes.

**Liverpool**

"Murder? We didn't hear anything about it at the hospital?" Hollis's surprised statement was almost in the nature of a question.

"Probably not. You see, it happened in Liverpool, and was not granted space in the London dailies. In fact, it got an inch or two in the locals. That's where I got mine. And they've only just let me out."

"I was supposed to be holiday-taking after taking a gentle canter through my finals. Poisons were my long point, if you remember? You do, well and good; because this little air rather concerns poisons."

"Come over and sit on the seat," said Hollis, pointing to a vacant one under a old tree that was all alive and sprouting with fresh green. "We won't be so noticeable there."

"I am going to wait here," said Maine with placid deliberation. "I am waiting for the man I murdered!"

Hollis jerked his head round. "Good old!" he breathed.

Maine, leaning one arm on the parapet, fired off a question at the Doctor.

"Did you ever hear of a man named Jaan Vorst?" he asked.

"No," said Hollis, puffing away.

"Well, that is excusable. He isn't very well known under that name. It's a merit is that it happens to be his name."

"What is he?" inquired Hollis.

"A human devil," said Maine. "A man devil set on legs and let loose in the world. A man with the brain of a master. I used to think that I was pretty well versed in poison lore—but Jaan Vorst thinks in germs, talks bacteria and manipulates serums like a housewife handles dough. He's the one living master of the subject."

"Not a very prepossessing gentleman?"

"He is a mass of Continental breeds, with a strong dash of the Arabian handed down as a natal gift to his mother. A horrible mixture; he has the direct derivatives of both sexes. His face with a parrot nose and his eyes you have to look for twice. Thin as moulded out of flat wax—they seem to look hostile somehow—and a wisp of moustache that curves under his nose. A thin stroke of an eyebrow stick up. Jaan Vorst, a man with the remarkable name of a Hollander, but the soul of the unspeakable East."

**Murdered**

Well, fifteen years ago, Jaan Vorst murdered him. All the lawyers said so; and the lawyers are never wrong. They proved it; proved it with a shadow of doubt. The Judge said it was the most obvious case he had ever seen. It seems that he had been shot in the back and then pushed into the sea—apparently the doctors found a bullet or two of prime Mersey water in his lungs besides the ounce of nickel. He was very dead, anyway, when they found him out.

Papers found on the body proved undoubtedly that he was Jaan Vorst. At the moment he was expecting a violent and wholly unpleasant end—and Kellard Maine, a London doctor, was the man who was frightened of. Other documents,

half indecipherable from immersion, showed that I had been threatening him.

"To put the final touch on an immaculate job, Vorst's own watch, cigarette-case, visiting cards and wallet were found on the body intact."

"Pretty cool, wasn't it? I don't think that personation of a dead body has ever been attempted before. But it was a beautiful conception, beautifully carried out. The only possible objection that I could raise was that I did not do it and that it was not Jaan Vorst's body up there on the slab. Otherwise, I suppose, the lawyers were all in order."

"Vorst actually had the nerveless bestiality to murder an unknown, plant the identifications on him and then dump him in the river. And all I could do was to stand there in the dock and velp my innocence."

Maine broke off for a moment, as a news vendor, coming slowly up the Embankment with the early racing editions of the evening papers, stopped in front of him and said: "Paper, guv'nor? Racin' special?"

**The death warrant**

He was an-unlovely looking individual and he spoke with a cringing wheeze. Maine looked at him for several seconds without a word. Then he slowly felt for a coin. "Yes," he said grimly, "I may as well buy the bad news as have it thrust upon me. How much do you get for serving out death warrants?"

The man pushed the folded paper into his hands and without another word turned and boarded a tram that was sweeping down towards Westminster.

Hollis watched the incident with a puzzled frown on his face.

"Queer customer, isn't he?" said Maine musingly, as he stared after the moving tramcar. "Do you know him?"

"Indeed I don't," said Hollis hurriedly.

"You'll probably meet him again," said Maine. He glanced down at the paper in his hand with a faint smile.

"Odd that it should come now—just when a little proof was..." He broke off and muttered. "But I was talking about Vorst, wasn't I? Where was I—oh, yes, in the dock."

"Well now, try to get the hang of this thing as it happened to me. I was in Liverpool, waiting for a steamer to take me up to the Outer Hebrides—a friend of mine there was offering me a lively interlude with buck rabbits and rock salmon. In that evening's paper was the report of a so-called mystery patient over in the Birkenhead Infirmary, a man whose symptoms defied the doctors present. Apparently the man was infected with a new and hitherto unidentified poison. The job was right up my street. I went over and made a few investigations and I was forced to a very startling conclusion."

"**Died in awful agony**"

"I knew that in some devilish way the man was being murdered. He was manufacturing poison inside him. His own system was creating it, killing him by inches. Everything he ate turned toxic. They were feeding him like a hog—and he was starving to death under their eyes."

"I diagnosed an active poison—zanzarene. But the amazing thing was that it was internal. It had been introduced into that poor brute by degrees. It wasn't in the blood; there was no outward symptom at all. It remained organic. I knew something pretty awful was going on, because this should have turned to ptomaine—and it didn't. Whatever ghastly culture it was, it just took root there and infected every scrap of food the man ate."

"He wouldn't talk to the doctors. Said he had nothing to say and no explanation to offer as to how he got into his horrible state. But I made him talk. I told him bluntly what I knew. And I told him how many hours of a life he still had left to him. For a long while he lay back among the pillows thinking hard. And then, in between gasps, he told me."

"I won't inflict the details on you. I'll just say this, whatever wrong that man had done Vorst it could not have justified the frightful agony that constrained him before he died. All he

would say was that Jaan Vorst had got him. He said Vorst had sent him the Black Triangle and that nothing could save him. Vorst had paid him out for a wrong which I could not coax him to confess."

"I began making a few inquiries about this man Vorst. And... well, I never went out to the Hebrides. That very night an uncouth-looking gentleman lurched into me and left me with a piece of paper clutched in my hand. A plain piece of paper, Hollis, about six inches square. There was a Black Triangle painted on it, and in the middle of it the cryptic symbol 11.30 a.m. At precisely eleven-thirty next morning I was arrested for the murder of Jaan Vorst."

"That was my first real introduction to him. How he had got to know about me I don't know. But that's a way he has—getting to know about things that concern himself. I got it, death sentence and all. It was commuted after an appeal. And now I'm in the delightful situation of hunting for the man I've murdered. Quaint... and all that... isn't it?"

Maine spoke banteringly, almost jocularly, but his eyes were blazing now like pellets of steel that had suddenly gone red-hot.

"This man Vorst," he said, edging up closer to the Doctor. "He is a fanatic. He has gone off the rails completely."



"SEAMARK."

since I was sent away. I've been out a week, hunting up the details about him. Man alive! You wouldn't believe what I've run my head into! When the war broke out he was shot into an internment camp with the rest of his tribe. He was kept there for years and then deported. And the thoughts of it have been festering in his brain ever since. It has been seething, fermenting, and now it has broken out into the most colossal war of hatred that has ever come within human conception."

**"Declare a war on the nation"**

"He is a ghoul, an ogre; he has stored up his hate and his insatiable ferocity until it has overmastered him. He has actually, in his own savagely tremendous way, dared to declare a war on the whole nation. I don't know what his ultimate plans are; I believe they entail the poisoning of the entire population through the pollution of the food supplies. You can look incredulous! I know the possibilities and the capacity for fleshly slaughter in the brute. He has the financial backing of some unknown power in the East, and his initial plans are to wipe out the Government. And he has the cunning and the ingenuity—and the vicious courage—to do it."

"Just think—it is not a quarter so difficult as it sounds. How many millions of tins of food are eaten every week in these islands? How many millions of bottles of food? How many millions of packets of food? You see Jaan Vorst attacks the food supplies at the source! He is preparing a vast campaign."

"Even the very water we drink; it all comes from springs. No amount of filtering could eliminate the types of bacteria that Vorst employs. He poisons food in bulk before ever it goes into the tins and bottles and bags and packets. It simplifies his task a thousandfold—makes it supremely possible. For water infection he can bury great tubes of his cultures in the springs themselves, discharging slowly into the water. They would take weeks to empty."

"How far ahead he is with his plans I don't know; I dare not even think about that. But I know that he is working his campaign up to the last infinitesimal degree of perfection before he launches it. And when he does strike—Hollis, it will be chaos!"

**Vorst commences his campaign**

"I know you think I'm talking through my hat. You think I'm a raving maniac myself, don't you? But I tell you that Vorst has already commenced his initial campaign. Did you notice that extraordinary poisoning case in the *Times* this morning—Mr. Justice Vallis? His temperature suddenly went racing up to a positively ferocious height. He went out like a burst bubble; and his blood heat continued to rise even after death. Well, Vallis was the judge who deported Vorst. On his desk was a piece of paper, six inches square with a mysterious symbol on it. Vallis had been given the Black Triangle before he died."

"And he wasn't the only one. Three days ago Sir Wilbert Hartigan coiled up and died—died of a disease that you yourself couldn't diagnose. The coroner called you in for the post-mortem, didn't he? And you admitted that you had no more idea what had killed him than the man in the moon. Well, you know now—Sir Wilbert was the official responsible for Vorst's internment! And the Black Triangle was found stuffed in the pen that signed the internment decree."

"And if you want any further evidence let me introduce you to a little piece that has happened right here under your very eyes." Kellard Maine suddenly flicked open the newspaper he had just bought. He held it out with a hand that was rock-firm.

Reposing in the fold was a piece of paper, six inches square. In the centre of it was a broad black triangle and inside it the single word, MIDDAY!

**"I await Jaan Vorst!"**

Doctor Hollis, shocked beyond words, looked up from the malignant thing. Kellard Maine's eyes, as sane as ever they were, were focussed on him in a look of absolute fearlessness.

"According to this I have two hours to live," he said, with flat conviction in every syllable. "Vorst has never failed yet. He is going to fail this time! You see that little boat down there, that little motor boat, heading upstream?"

"Yes, I see it," said Hollis.

"Jaan Vorst is in that boat! He has a laboratory somewhere down past the Pool—a vile hole that has no land entrance at all. The only ingress is by a flight of water steps up from the river. It is nothing but a germ farm—a place crawling alive with all the most horrible disease cultures you can think of. That is his lair—"

"But, my dear boy. Surely your duty is to go to the police and—"

"The police!" Maine flared back at him. "I've been to the police. I told them the whole story, and they squealed with glee at me. And why shouldn't they? Who on earth could believe such a gigantic story? I won't even ask you 'ol I'll just ask you to go over and sit quietly on that seat and see what happens here in less than five minutes. Jaan Vorst is coming up these steps—Vorst, the man I've murdered; the man who is holding the whole nation in the palm of his hand at this moment. Hollis, it is going to be a great meeting!"

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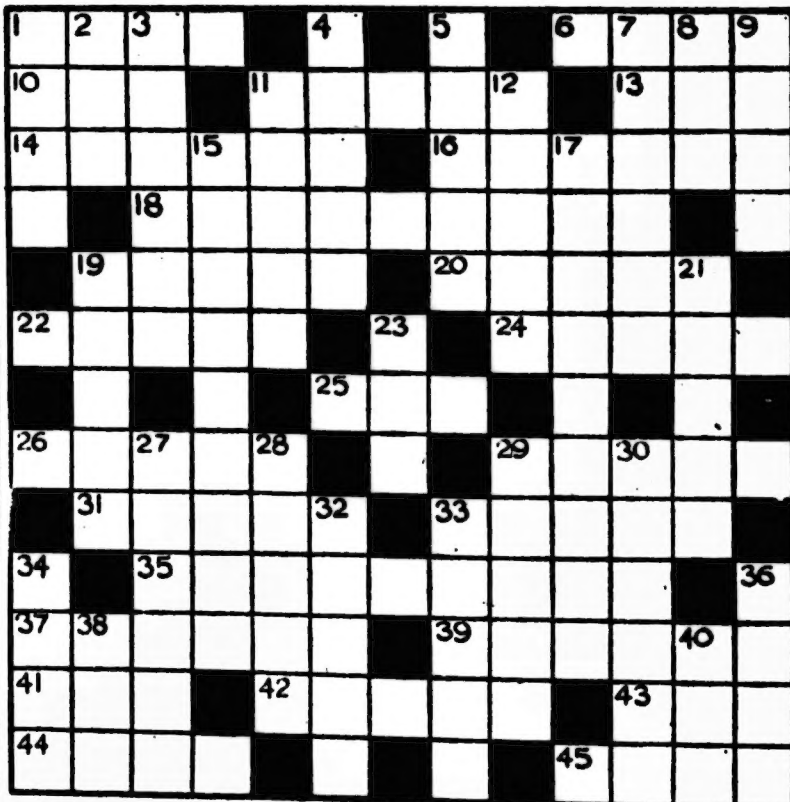
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### CLUES.

### ACROSS

- |               |              |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. Seed-      | 29. Imply.   |
| cases.        | 31. Stalk    |
| 6. Unfusten.  | used in      |
| 10. Ever      | bas'et       |
| (poetical).   | work.        |
| 11. Once      | 33. Canes    |
| caused a      | of irrita-   |
| war.          | tion.        |
| 13. In Fish,  | 35. Rejected |
| both hard     | by the       |
| and soft.     | country.     |
| 14. Slight    | 37. Heard in |
| evidence.     | churches.    |
| 16. Mad.      | 39. Without  |
| 18. Genera-   | difficulty.  |
| tions to      | 41. Beam of  |
| come.         | light.       |
| 19. These are | 42. Hit      |
| often be-     | heaven-      |
| hind.         | wards.       |
| 20. Fine—     | 43. Form of  |
| till you're   | address.     |
| fined !       | 44. Other-   |
| 22. Used for  | wise.        |
| blinds.       | 45. Man's    |
| 24. Slip.     | name         |
| 25. Crafty.   | (abbrev.).   |
| 26. What      |              |
| candi-        |              |
| dates         |              |
| want.         |              |

**DOWN**

- |                                            |                                           |
|--------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| 1. Too often<br>suppliants<br>babies.      | 21. Placid<br>in Co-<br>stanti-<br>nople. |
| 2. Over<br>(poetical).                     | 23. Allings-<br>worth.                    |
| 3. Cloth-<br>seller.                       | 27. gold-<br>miners<br>test.              |
| 4. Needed<br>by thou-<br>sands to-<br>day. | 28. Relic-<br>todes.                      |
| 5. Eldest<br>sons.                         | 29. Home-<br>famous<br>poem.              |
| 7. Earnest<br>plea.                        | 33. Start-<br>led.                        |
| 8. Long<br>period of<br>time.              | 32. Taken<br>foot-<br>hills.              |
| 9. Necessity.                              | 33. Run<br>away.                          |
| 11. Intervals<br>between<br>work.          | 34. Part<br>of ad-<br>dress.              |
| 12. Bird with<br>a long bill.              | 36. Begin-<br>ning.                       |
| 15. State.                                 | 33. Nic-<br>name<br>popu-<br>lar.         |
| 17. Severity.                              | 40. In<br>truth.                          |
| 19. The<br>greatest<br>lover.              |                                           |

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# The Sketch

No. 872.—Vol. LXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1909.

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